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The Saturday Review of Literature

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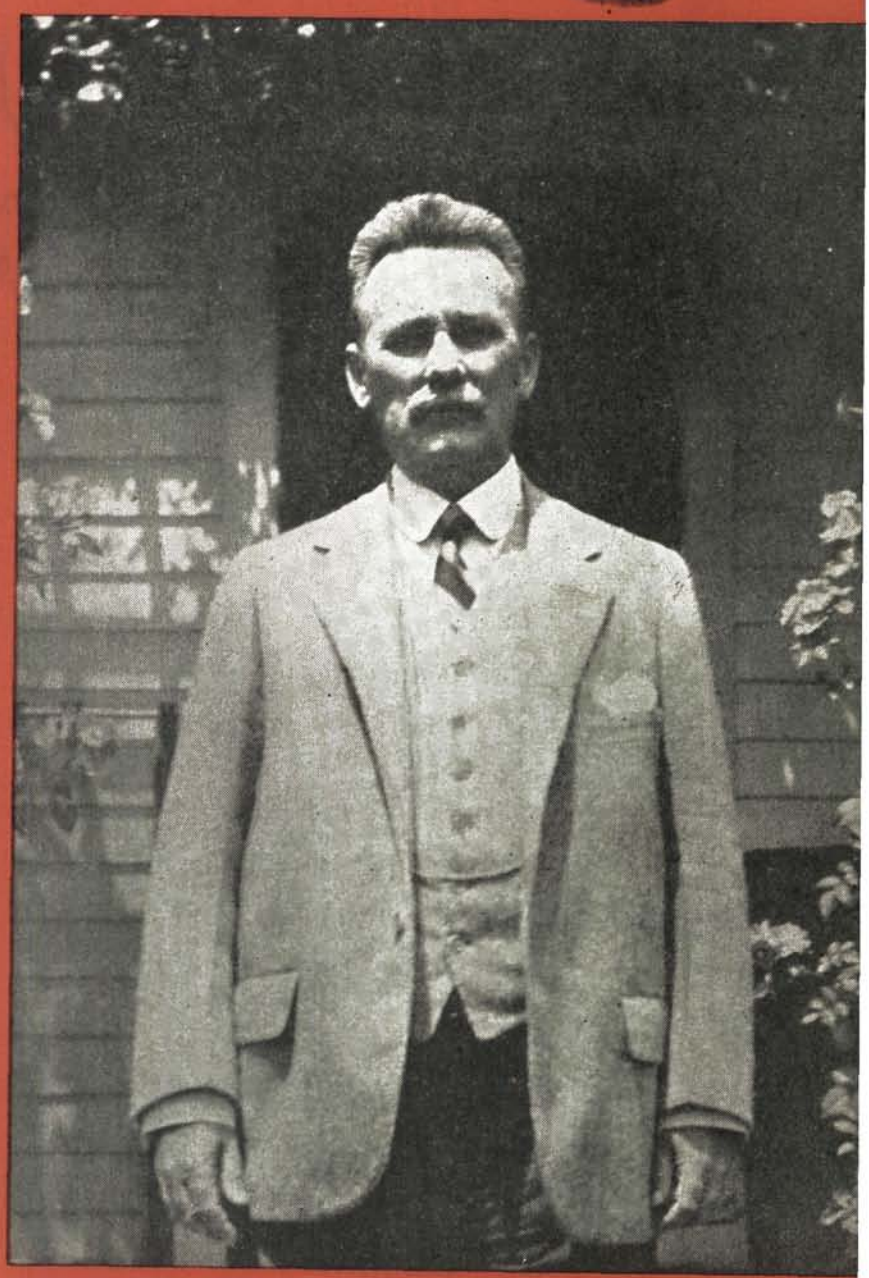

VAN WYCK BROOKS: "To the study of the maltreated decades Van Wyck Brooks brings the splendid talents which made memorable 'The Flowering of New England'" . . . *(See page 3)*

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THE BRIDGE

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Author of

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Human Season

INDIAN SUMMER OF NEW ENGLAND

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

[*I praise the fall it is the human season—Archibald MacLeish, "Immortal Autumn"*]

THE two most neglected periods in American cultural history are the colonial eighteenth century and the decades after the Civil War. Out of the one came the marvellous intellectual energy which created the republic; out of the other, the metropolitan culture of our time. Few, however, have been curious to penetrate deeply the culture of either era. Of American literary history from 1870 to 1910 it may be said that it has suffered from the pernicious anaemia of timid scholarship or from a rash of Marxism, Freudianism, or other doctrinal complaint. Only Lewis Mumford has had the curiosity to enter the brownstone fronts and learn that beauty survived even General Grant. Only Professor Gabriel has had the wit to enter the classrooms concealed by the Ruskinian Gothic and discover that the intellectual progenitors of the modern American university were intelligent. The fact that the period saw a vast efflorescence of American fiction, the first real burgeoning of American drama, the golden age of the magazine, a harvest of literary criticism, and the production of some of the finest expository prose ever written in the country has not meant much to contemporary criticism. Contemporary criticism had definitely postponed the Age of Enlightenment to the World War. But the World War has obviously been followed by the Dark Ages.

To the study of the maltreated decades Van Wyck Brooks* brings the splendid talents which made memorable "The Flowering of New England." The same insight, the same sympathy, the same devouring eye for revelatory phrase and characteristic gesture, the same capacity for adroit synthesis, and, happiest of all, the same supple and luminous prose reappear. New England landscapes — the sea, the dark pines, the cliffs, or else the abandoned fields and the silent villages—flash upon the page as settings for these charming and talented writers, at once so memorable and so forgotten. There are swift, soft character sketches in marvellous water-color tints of major personalities like Emily Dickinson, biographies at once judicious and short like that of Parkman. The cross-sections of Boston culture in successive decades are, if overstuffed with names, curious and revealing, and the author's grasp upon the significance of Cambridge — at least of certain aspects of Cambridge —is admirable.

"Indian Summer," to be sure, is a touch too kindly. The author of "America's Coming of Age" began his critical career, as I remember, by expressing a faint distaste for the age of "Little Men." Miss Alcott now appears as "an experienced story teller" (she was more than that, she was the first American writer to paint a convincing picture of adolescence). Though Mr. Brooks mildly condemns Horatio Alger for making "virtue and purity odious," his charity elsewhere suffereth long and is kind. A mediocrity like Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote at least one "singularly real and thrilling tale," a John Boyle O'Reilly "brought back life and fire to the languid eighties" (did he?), the very minor Anna Hempstead Branch "often wrote admirable verse." The horrors of the factory system and other social changes, says Mr. Brooks, "were reflected in literature almost at once," but the immediate mirror seems to be Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward! Mr. Brooks's amiability is, I fear, responsible for the watery chapter on Aldrich and his circle. Because the business of criticism is not with people who merely write admirable verse, this indulgent manner tends to obscure one of the great critical merits of the volume; namely, Mr. Brooks's discovery of a rich variety of excellent prose by authors like E. S. Morse, Wilson Flagg, Bradford Torrey, W. R. Thayer, and the like.

"Indian Summer" is perhaps not so well organized as "The Flowering," and it is illuminating to inquire into the causes of Mr. Brooks's embarrassment in this respect. The central fact

Illustration from "Boston and the Boston Legend," by Lucius Beebe (Appleton-Century)

"Mr. Brooks concentrates on Harvard"

*NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER, 1865-1915. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1940. 557 pp. $3.75.

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in "The Flowering of New England" was the transcendental group, and the book revolved around Concord because New England thought was to a large degree centripetal. The problem of the volume was, so to speak, a problem in intellectual history. In "Indian Summer," however, though talent spreads over the abandoned fields like the blueberry bushes, the literary movement is centrifugal, and, for lack of a central philosophy, presents the historian with a problem in the history of sensibility. Now Mr. Brooks is better as an historian of sensibility than he is as an historian of ideas, but the centrifugal force which sent New England writers flying to Japan or Nebraska, Europe or New York, sends Mr. Brooks flying after them. Vaguely conscious of the lack of a bounding line, he says in the preface that "with the gradual merging of New England in the rest of the nation, it has not been easy to draw the line." But if Howells pops shrewdly into Boston, was it altogether necessary to describe him popping later into New York? Henry Adams wanders through various chapters and from land to land looking now for the virgin and now for the dynamo. Henry James (*que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*), scarcely a New Englander, is convoyed by the sympathetic Mr. Brooks out of Boston to Paris and London while Massachusetts is forgot. Doubtless Mr. Brooks found the novelist interesting—his career, in fact, "proves" the thesis of the book—but James has, so to speak, quite obliterated Josiah Royce, who scarcely dares speak while the two Henries talk and travel. "I have not," says Mr. Brooks, "ventured to discuss philosophical writers at any length." But William James, John Fiske, and George Santayana are each discussed at greater length than is Royce, the neglect of whose work throws the book, considered as intellectual history, quite awry.

It is, then, as an historian of literary sensibility that Mr. Brooks excels. He records sensitivities. He shows the impulses and incentives, factual and emotional, to which these writers individually responded, the shaping force of environment and personality upon their literary works. Like Burke, but less heavily, he "winds into" his subject, so that the texture of these pages is everywhere uniform, and one has only to open the volume at random to fall under its spell. As the historian of philosophical and moral ideas, however, Mr. Brooks is less excellent. This seems to be due in part to lack of proper historical training, in part to a refusal to go beyond the boundaries of belles lettres except incidentally, and in part to the fact that, though his instinct is right in seeking some common center of intellectual force in the time and region, he is uncertain about the meaning of that center, once he has discovered it.

As in "The Flowering," New England, for the purposes of his volume, is severely limited to southern New England and the Maine Coast, or rather to that enchanted ground which belongs to the spiritual diocese of the Brahmins, their friends and foes. For Mr. Brooks the center of the region is Cambridge. An alumnus of some non-Cantabridgian institution might reasonably retitle the volume: "A History of Sensibility at Harvard College, with occasional kindly references to Yale." Given this center, Mr. Brooks, in trying to account for the centrifugal quality of New England culture in the postbellum decades, takes over the thesis of Samuel Eliot Morison that the abandoning of classical instruction as a requirement under Eliot was the *fons et origo malorum* of the diaspora:

> The classics, not too competently taught, went down before the new engrossing interests; and this marked, in literature, almost the greatest of possible changes. The change in literary style was not the most important, although this was sufficiently striking. The study of the classics had always been connected with accurate linguistic training and the study of form, while the modern tongues were loose in their construction; but what was even more important, the classics had made spacious men and men prepared to meet great problems. . . . They kept alive great patterns of behaviour, which all the American people had seen in action in the ample minds and characters of the early leaders, most of whom were steeped in Plutarch's lives and the legends of Greece and Rome. . . . They appealed to the instinct of emulation, an instinct that in later days followed the patterns set by industrial leaders, by bankers and by millionaires whose only ideal was the the will to power and who ruled by the blind force of money.

This seems to be a very romantic notion of the influence of antiquity upon the American mind. If Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, James Fenimore Cooper, Captain Basil Hall, Emerson, Thoreau, Philip Hone, and others are credible witnesses, the will to power, the blind force of money induced the spirit of emulation long before Jim Fiske. Yankee savings which went into railroads had been accumulated in ways which had no relation to Plutarch's heroes, and evangelical Protestantism and McGuffey's readers had more to do with patterns of behavior than the parsing of Virgil. Indeed, a revolt against the classics began with the Mathers, was aided and abetted by the powerful influence of

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The Secret of Nazi Triumphs

THEY WANTED WAR. By Otto D. Tolischus. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 340 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

AS Nazi Germany, with systematic efficiency, sweeps from one victory to another in Europe, people on other continents feverishly seek to discover the secret of Nazi triumphs, in the hope of discovering a formula for counteracting the German drive. Few students of contemporary affairs are as well qualified to answer these questions as Otto Tolischus, for many years *New York*

Otto D. Tolischus

Times correspondent in Berlin, who received the Pulitzer prize for distinguished foreign correspondence in 1940 and, after being ejected from Germany, now carries on his work from Stockholm. Mr. Tolischus's exceptionally well-informed, balanced, and lucid articles and dispatches had already proved of inestimable value to the American public. Now some of these articles and dispatches, selected with the assistance of Robert Van Gelder of the *New York Times,* are brought together in a book which should command an even wider and, as a result of recent events, a more understanding audience.

Mr. Tolischus has never made the mistake of oversimplifying the problems created by Germany's resurgence under the leadership of Hitler, or of accepting the easy explanation that Germany "is ruled by a gang with guns." He is convinced that the present crisis in Europe is dominated by a spirit deeply rooted in German history—a spirit symbolized, in his opinion, by Richard Wagner, and the pitiless world of the Niebelungen which he brought back to life in his operas. Wagner, he believes, became "a synthesis of the German intellectual turmoil that began to separate the German from the rest of the Occident early in the nineteenth century—a turmoil that was first a protest against the French Revolution, then a patriotic uprising against Napoleon, then a revolt against the German pygmy states and their reactionary policies, in which Wagner personally took a hand, and then a revulsion against the whole nineteenth century with its great industrial revolution and the social evils that followed in its wake." Out of the myths of German antiquity, essentially alien to Western civilization, developed "an exaltation of Germanism as the remedy for the world's ills" which constitutes today the driving force of Nazism.

Mr. Tolischus rightly sees that Nazi victories are due not solely to the superiority of the German industrial machine, or to government by terror, or to propaganda unexcelled in history, or to the work of "fifth columns." They are due, first and foremost, to the fact that Hitler has inculcated in Germans throughout the world the belief that it is their destiny to become the master race, wherever they may be found, and to harness other national groups and economic systems to the task of creating a powerful, united, and impregnable German empire. For this task no sacrifices are regarded as too great, no methods are regarded as too brutal. The end justifies the means; and since, from the Nazi point of view, there is no morality other than that created by the triumph of the German master race, neither end nor means can be condemned as immoral, even if they involve utmost cruelty toward individuals and groups who do not happen to fit into the German pattern. According to Mr. Tolischus, the World War, in which brutality was exalted on the ground that it would ultimately achieve noble ends, made an indelible impression on Hitler; and "the morality of war became the guiding morality of his life."

Unlike some optimistic Americans who believe that, once Hitler has consolidated his power on the European continent, he will settle down to enjoy the fruits of conquest, and will not menace the New World, Mr. Tolischus believes that Nazism "must, like a bicycle, keep on moving or fall." The war now fought in Europe, in Africa, in Asia, is not an old-fashioned war between national states. It is "a life-and-death struggle between two cultures, two ways of living and dying, two moral concepts, and two systems of social, political and economic organization." The outcome of this struggle, as Mr. Tolischus succinctly puts it, "must not only demolish the present balance of power in the world but determine the future shape of the world." Those who, like Mr. Lindbergh, believe that the war in Europe was due to a conflict between rich nations that were growing richer and poor nations that were growing poorer, overlook the fact that the United States is even richer than France or the British Empire, and that such National Socialist slogans as the fight of "blood against gold" and of "socialism" against "decadent democracy and plutocracy" are just as applicable to the United States as to the Allies. Nor does Mr. Lindbergh (whose sincerity is beyond doubt) apparently realize that any peace the United States might offer to negotiate with Germany would have to be based on total acceptance of the revolutionary world order now urged not only by the Reich, but also by

From a "Cartoon History of Our Time," by David Low (Simon & Schuster)

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Italy, Russia, and Japan—a world order which involves the destruction of that Western civilization Mr. Lindbergh hopes to preserve by coming to terms with a victorious Germany.

At the same time, Mr. Tolischus's book supports Lindbergh's contention that Germany was far better prepared, both from a military and an economic point of view, than the Allies had wanted to admit. Failure to recognize the strength of the German totalitarian machine was in large part responsible for the amazing complacency displayed by Allied statesmen and strategists not only before September, 1939, but even when the war was already in full swing and Nazi military power had been demonstrated in the Polish campaign. Mr. Tolischus points out that "when all is said that can be said about the German achievement, the fact which history will record as the main element in German success is the political passivity and rigidity of the democracies." This timely book suggests two conclusions to the American reader: first, "that the only dam against power is more power"—a thesis with which presumably Lindbergh, who advocates national defense, would agree; but, second, that armaments alone are not enough, and that the United States will, in a sense, have to outrevolutionize the Nazi revolution by renovating the concept and practices of democracy and making it so strong from within that it will prove invulnerable to propaganda assaults from without.

Vera Micheles Dean is Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association.

An Agrarian Utopia

ROSSCOMMON. By Charles Allen Smart. New York: Random House. 1940. 201 *pp.* $2.

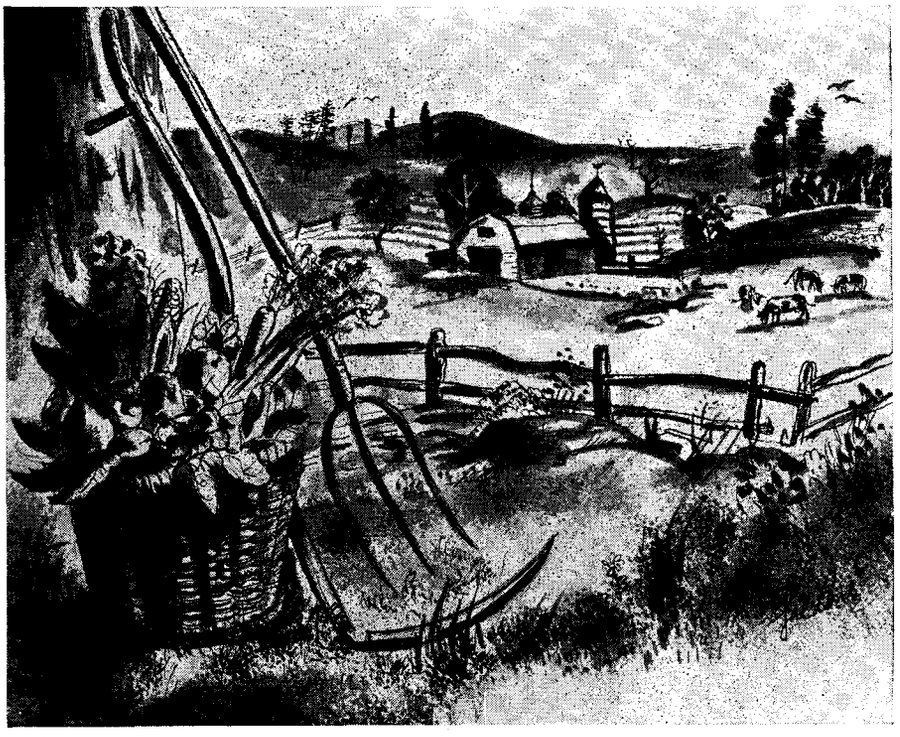
Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

NEWSPAPER editorials have made most of us aware that some sort of farm problem exists, and Congressional enactments that some sort of treatments are being tried. To ignorant city-dwellers the proposals, whether of individual editorial wisdom, or the collective intelligence of Congress, don't seem to make sense—what in the world is the use of paying men not to raise crops, so the crops they do raise will be worth more? In manufacturing economy better results are achieved by selling larger quantities of the product at a lower unit price. And the agrarian solutions have exhibited a strikingly unanimous failure to ease the ache.

Perhaps the error has been one of diagnosis. At least that is the implied suggestion of this earnest novel by an exceptionally articulate farmer. Not that most farmers fail in the quantity of their articulation—as Mr. Smart recognizes, they make plenty of noise, mostly of the windmill variety, about such subjects as the banks, the lack of educational opportunity, and the intransigence of the obstinate soil. These are not, he suggests, the real troubles. Basically, it seems to be that the culture of cities has moved on. The farmer is left behind, chained to his twelve-hour day and limited cultural opportunities, without even the security and independence he once received in exchange for his acceptance of isolation.

No solution is proposed here, although this book is, under the guise of fiction, the picture of an agrarian utopia, where the wants are met. But it is, as the book itself says, an unworkable utopia, which has grown to such reality in the mind of one farmer that he has let his place slip to ruin and forced sale while he dreams about it. It is a strictly local utopia, a community a third the size of Oneida, requiring the special consonance of the special characters presented—a group of high intelligence, all lacking the spirit of contest, who find earth-life fun, and have no sex problems.

Fletcher Pratt has made a special study of the Utopian novel.



Jacket design for "Rosscommon"

On the Lunatic Fringe

LOOK WHO'S TALKING. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Random House. 1940. 249 *pp.* $2.

THIS volume contains twenty-four short pieces, reprinted from the *New Yorker,* the *New Masses,* and Broun's *Nutmeg.* Readers of these periodicals will, no doubt, already have bruited abroad the extraordinary merits of S. J. Perelman. To those who are still unacquainted with him one has to say that he has nothing in common with P. G. Wodehouse except this—that he and Mr. Wodehouse are the two contemporary writers whose work absolutely defies analysis.

One can speak of him only in generalizations, as, for example: he writes a kind of satirical *belles lettres;* his prose rarely, if ever, appears to desert the lunatic fringe of literature; if you stay with him for a little, you will realize that he has a devastating intelligence and remarkably clear idea of what is going on in the world. These inadequate and obscure statements are intended to convey the notion that this observer thinks very highly indeed of S. J. Perelman, whose "Look Who's Talking" enshrines at least half a dozen of the funniest and most searching short pieces in modern American prose; and another dozen and a half that are almost as good. The universal monarchy of wit was never very crowded; they will find no difficulty at all in making room for him there.

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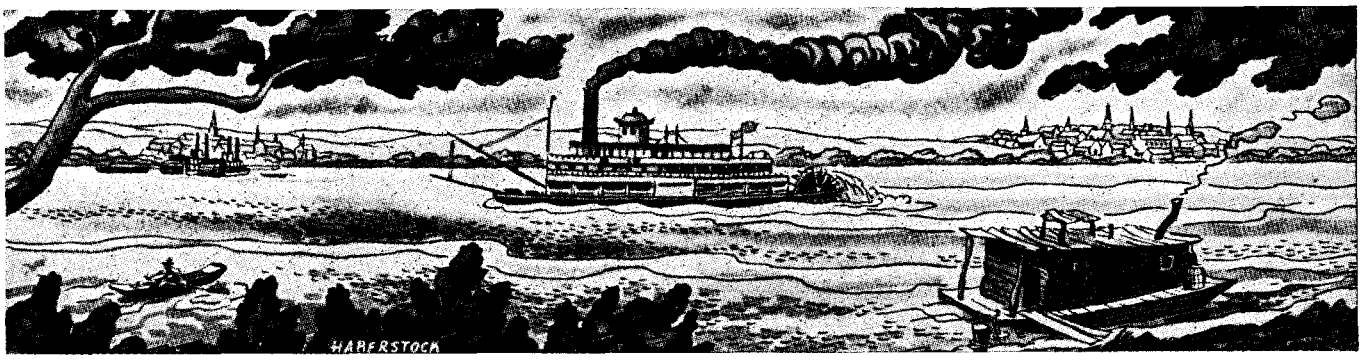

Jacket design for "Big River to Cross"

Mississippi Life Today

BIG RIVER TO CROSS. By Ben Lucien Burman. New York: John Day Co. 1940. 294 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THE big river flowed through a continuous eighteen years of this reviewer's life. Those seemed to be the closing heydays of old Father Mississippi. Time came when he was a melancholy object to one who had known him before he suffered pernicious anemia.

His serious decline commenced with the nineties. The Upper Mississippi first surrendered to superior forces. River activities which made for river life almost ceased. The railroads, steam and electric, had something to do with this. The destruction of the timber tracts in the logging north had considerable to do with it. The shallowing of the channels by the silt washed in from thousands of acres of cultivated lands had a great deal to do with it. The Lower Mississippi, seconded by the waters and traffic of the Missouri, Ohio, and other large tributaries, groggily tried to hold on to the ropes.

The era of recovery is well advanced, under treatment that insures a permanent reaction. It is of this era that Mr. Burman writes with his theme confined to his subtitle, "Mississippi Life Today." But his narrative lingers, as is the privilege of a Lower River man, upon the Lower Mississippi—that stretch between St. Louis and New Orleans.

By allusions he does indeed include the Upper Mississippi in his reckonings. And in one chapter he steams over this other stretch, of 675 miles between St. Louis and St. Paul, when by a through trip from St. Louis the sternwheel packet *Golden Eagle* tested out the remarkable system of dams and locks which maintains a nine-foot depth of channel.

With the example set by Mark Twain, river literature in general features the Lower Mississippi. "Big River to Cross," is a bully survey of river habitants, customs, and lore—the steamboating, the rousters, shantyboats, snagboats and dredgers, barge lines, and all the picture from St. Louis to New Orleans and on to the Gulf.

But the Mississippi is two rivers, with grand divisions differing in country, water, peoples, customs, and even river language. One is of the South, the other is of the North. As Mark Twain finally observed, and as Mr. Burman does, the Upper Mississippi also has its features, has its lore of Indian chief and maiden, logging and rafting crews, dramas of storm and fire and ice. The Negro roustabout is not indigenous there. He was imported by the packets; he met with scant favor on the towboats, whose crews have been Irish, Swede, "Dutch," American.

This article does not design to go into the distinctions of life along and upon the two rivers that form the Mississippi. Indeed, much of the traffic means and manners in the South obtains in the North. As to the work by the Army engineers, it is extended beyond the dredgers and snag-pullers.

The Army engineers supervised the building of the twenty-six dams and locks by which the *Golden Eagle* passed up the river—not as the first packet on the Upper Mississippi in twenty-five years but (as is stated) as the first big through packet. There had been short-line, local packets on more or less regular runs while the Upper Mississippi was being mechanized.

To complete the story, for her safe passage up the river the *Golden Eagle* is indebted to three men, a druggist, a lawyer, and an engineer, who on a Sunday afternoon of 1898 sat upon an Iowa levee and envisioned the reopening of the river. When Mr. Burman went up some forty years later the job for the Upper Mississippi was at the finish.

Bald statistics rightly have no place amid the delightful pages, broken only by the sympathetic drawings by Alice Caddy, of "Big River to Cross." In the feat of the military and civilian engineers who bridged the channels with a series of concrete and earthen dams, ten to thirty-five miles apart, one quarter to more than three miles in length; in the construction of numerous concrete terminal docks for combination rail-and-water transport; in the operation of the locks, 110 feet wide, 600 feet long, taking care of barge strings of three to six trainloads, in bulk, of coal, grain, oil, iron ore, produce, and gasoline in lots of 2,000,000 gallons; in the channel markers that now supplement the old shore-marks and shore lights; in the host of pleasure craft, and in the thousands of wild fowl attracted to the back-water "pools" between dam and dam and which are, as may be, three or four miles wide: in all these new aspects of an inland waterway that is the trunkline of 4,000 miles of navigable waters, there is still story stuff linked with the romance of big business.

Readers of Mr. Burman's book may board the *Golden Eagle* for themselves. She makes her regular trips. After the manuscript of "Big River to Cross" was delivered to the printers, the Upper Mississippi saw a greater marvel than the *Eagle*. Here came a sidewheel, all-steel, five-decker 5,000-passenger packet, with her auxiliary machinery in her hull and every deck, from maindeck to texas, fitted for passengers. And in the pilothouse—shade of Mark Twain!—there was no wheel, but an ocean-liner signal system!

Mr. Burman may easily find material for another river-life book and will not need to repeat. As one riverman to another, this commentator upon "Big River to Cross" hopes that he writes it.

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A LOSS TO FICTION

HISTORICAL fiction has lately lost two distinguished practitioners whose novels deserved more attention than they got — perhaps because each of them had earned the somewhat dubious obituary comment that his life was more exciting than his writings. In the case of Vladimir Jabotinsky this may have been true. As many-sided as a man of the Renaissance, he was best known and most important as a Zionist so militant that he was soon at odds with most of the other Zionists, as well as with pretty nearly everybody else in the Near East. Yet his "Judge and Fool" (translated from the German, one of the numerous languages in which he was fluent) was the best of all the Old Testament novels which appeared so copiously ten or fifteen years ago; and not the least of its merits was that in spite of his turbulent relations with the British which made him first a hero and then a political prisoner, he did not let his study of the militant Zionist Samson be distorted by the somewhat similar experiences of the militant Zionist Jabotinsky. Nor did he fail in a just appraisal of the merits as well as the shortcomings of the occupying power.

Jabotinsky was essentially a politician and man of action who incidentally wrote novels; Talbot Mundy was primarily a fiction writer whose secondary interest was religion, and whose life, varied and picturesque as it had been, was less significant than at least one of his contributions to fiction. He never got the recognition he deserved, at first because most of his fiction was written for the pulps, even though the best of the pulps; and later, because his more serious novels were increasingly affected by a preoccupation with religion of the theosophical variety, which few readers shared. So far as most of his fiction goes it could be dismissed as first-rate reading of no durable value; less memorable in the long run, at least to its author's friends, than his conversation and his personality. But in "Tros of Samothrace," in "Queen Cleopatra," above all in his novelette on the death of Commodus, which was never published in book form, he captured the essential quality of everyday life in Rome better than any other writer we have ever read. His characterization of Caesar has been sharply attacked, but he was writing of Caesar as he looked to the people Caesar had conquered, a view somewhat different from that of even his political enemies in Rome. At any rate his Caesar comes to life, as do the other historical figures in these stories; but better yet is the total picture, the sense that gradually pervades the reader of how it must have felt to live in the late Republic or the early Empire. That is likely to be remembered when the rest of his writings have gone the way of most fiction. E. D.

RANDOM SUGGESTIONS

YEARS ago, in this column, a presuming critic listed some unused themes for novelists. Most of them proved to have been used—or misused; a few seeds took good root. Here goes with another handful.

Regional: That lovely sound and the islands, called Puget, but deserving a more mellifluous name, with new cities, Canadian and American, and one old retiring place for British conservatism, Victoria, with its roses and yellow flowering gorse. That thousand miles of harbor and point under fine mountains and heavy forest is as good a backdrop for stories as anything in Maine or California. Connecticut—not the Connecticut of hill towns and industrial cities, but Connecticut pushing westward through the reluctant Dutch of the Hudson valley, finding in northeastern Pennsylvania a little New England of hills and lakes, and setting up white houses, green-shuttered there, and village greens, and losing it all; then westward still further to Ohio, where school systems and religious societies were managed from shore towns on Long Island sound, as provinces were administered from Rome. The Wedge of Delaware-Poconos that for one hundred and fifty-six years was a no-man's land, of no taxes, duels, prize fights, and illegal liquor.

Psychological: The older generation discovers America, not youth—everyone is writing about the discoveries and disillusionments and cavortings, sexual and sociological, of youth—but men and women of the forties to the sixties, whose eyes are suddenly unsealed, and who understand for the first time the highly specialized experience of being an American in the 1900s which they had always taken for granted as Normal Life. An intelligent and perceptive emigré comes to New York, or Terre Haute, or Dallas, and finds there the second and third generations of descendants of emigrés forced out of the home land as he has been. But their ancestors had come to a melting pot, while he has landed in the cold and crystallized surface of hard metal. They had only to make a living. He has to learn to like a life whose faults are obvious, the real virtues of which are intangible and not too well understood by the Americans themselves, who, like their Indian predecessors, are content to call themselves, We, the People.

Maybe this is enough for a summer day! H. S. C.

The Hosting

By Brooke Byrne

WE did not believe. This anger is surprise,
A cold flame out of an unexplored heart's core;
Suddenly we must search in each other's eyes,
Nothing remains as before.

So much a part of life our intimate dream
That air and water were its counterparts,
As unregarded and as good. And now the stream
Dries, the gasping starts.

While we could choose, we chose. That hour is gone by;
There is no longer time for weighing or fear.
Simply, we cannot breathe, and so must die
Out of our atmosphere.

Now we need neither drums nor high words to say.
The secret heart decides unalterably.
We draw together, quietly facing one way:
The rest are the enemy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Job for the Writer

SIR:—As Dr. Canby writes in the July 27 issue, "the obvious job for the creative writer in the midst of the melée . . . has been defined by hundreds of critics." Matthew Arnold, in particular, defined "the job" in his essay "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" (1865):—

"Now in literature . . . the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time; at any rate we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas; that is rather the business of the philosopher: the grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations—making beautiful works with them, in short. . . . For the creations of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment. . . . "

BROTHER C. PHILIP.
Manhattan College,
New York City.

Westerns Again

SIR:—These remarks upon Mr. Hurst Julian's highly entertaining article, "The Real Fiction in Western Stories," in *SRL* of July 15, are belated. One point has probably already been covered. As a happy demonstration of Mr. Julian's argument, the mural panel at the head of the article shows a rider apparently trying to mount the wrong side of his horse.

I do, however, wish to suggest, as a neutral observer of Western fiction, that the cow range is somewhat sectional. Emerson Hough in his "The Story of the Cowboy," and other chroniclers since his day, have alluded to this. Vernacular and even customs may differ in north and south. A man who has ridden Wyoming or Montana or Colorado, for instance, may take exception to the code employed in the Southwest. A writer writing a story of the northern plains or mountains range will offend the sensibilities of the reader accustomed to the southern cow country.

A number of terms and allusions may be peculiar to one section or another, and the writer, in throwing a "mother hubbard" loop—which in itself may be a limited term—is not always at fault. If "mount" means, in one range country, a working outfit of several animals, on another range it might be called a "string." When I joined a northwestern Colorado roundup I was assigned a "string" from the "cavvy" or loose herd—which on another range might have been known as the "remuda." I was not assigned a "mount," nor even six "mounts" in the Websterian sense; it was a "string" of six "hosses." I quite agree with Mr. Julian that they could not have been "broncs."

There are journeyman Western-story writers who are cow-country raised and have drawn wages. But this brief is no defense of the crazy jargon and misapplications in the "stock" Western story. It merely speaks for a little tolerance. In any other article that word "jacima" would arouse suspicion. Anyway, it is phonetically unsound. Since Mr. Julian, an experienced hand, is above suspicion, we all know that he referred to hackamore or jáquima.

EDWIN L. SABIN.
La Jolla, Calif.

"And it has at least a dozen characters that could be played by Don Ameche."

A Neglected Book

SIR:—Now that America has set itself to searching self-analysis, there should be interest in a book which has long been out of print but which is one of the most sagacious discussions of certain aspects of our society ever to have come from the pen of a foreigner. Harriet Martineau's "American Traits," published just before the Civil War, is still well worth the reading. Is there no publisher who would be interested in reissuing it?

New York City. ALINE PIXTUS.

Objection Taken

SIR:—Is it possible your compilers of "The Criminal Record" find the English language so deficient in descriptive adjectives that they must borrow from another tongue—and that one which arouses great controversy at this moment?

I refer to *"The Saturday Review's* Guide to Detective Fiction" which in the July 20 issue is reduced to describing "Mr. Morlaw Stops for Brandy," by John Bentley, as

"BLUTWURST"

and "The Death of Lord Haw Haw" by Brett Rutledge, as

"ERSATZ."

How about a nice blitzkrieg for that department?

ELISE MACDONALD.
New York City.

Fantastic Romance

SIR:—I am preparing a bibliography of the fantastic romances of all countries. I would be deeply appreciative of any information about romances that deal with voyages to other planets, time-travelling, lost continents, the future, lands under the earth, strange races, weird creatures, etc.

FREDERICK B. SHROYER.
710 N. 3rd Street
Decatur, Indiana.

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Elizabethan Gentry

LATE HARVEST. By Olive B. White. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 442 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a historical novel of a peculiarly modern kind, which is neither an adventure story nor a pretentious pageant, but an imaginative reconstruction which enables us to perceive how the events in the history books affected ordinary people. And the people in this book belong to a group which has been neglected by the popular imagination, for they were members of a minority. Miss White, who will be remembered for her admirable narrative of the last years of Sir Thomas More, has written a story of English gentry who clung to the old faith of the Roman Catholic Church in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The book is told from the point of view of Alice, the daughter of Sir Richard Collingridge of Ridge Hall, who is fourteen when it opens, and grows up to marry the son of a neighboring landowner. Her father is a good Englishman who tries to be loyal to his queen while keeping his faith; he uncomplainingly pays the heavy and continuous fines for not attending the services of the Established Church, while sheltering the devoted priest

Olive B. White

who travels about the country to give the sacraments. At first official persecution is combined with a good deal of neighborly toleration; the local parson winks at the obvious subterfuge by which Sir Richard avoids some of his duties, such as the Protestant baptism of Alice's child. But with the Armada and the plots against Elizabeth's life the persecution tightens; Alice's brothers are driven into exile, and her husband imprisoned for obtaining the last sacraments for his father. The late harvest of the title does not come until the end, with the death of Queen Elizabeth, and the hope for an amnesty from the son of Mary Stuart. There are one or two minor inaccuracies in this; there is talk of baronets, though that rank was first manufactured for sale by the thrifty James I—but on the whole the book catches remarkably the feeling of life in a little known side of a well known period. As a story of persecution, it is necessarily a little somber, but it will appeal to those who like the reconstruction of history; and it reminds us that persecution is not new, nor is the steadfastness that can endure persecution until better times.

Serious Melodrama

TALE OF THREE CITIES. By D. L. Murray. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 725 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IF Mr. Murray had not possessed such a lively imagination, he might never have been a novelist. He might have followed in the steps of Philip Guedalla, to whom this book is dedicated, becoming another historical impresario, another learned exploiter of the entertainment values of the past. As it is, he has Mr. Guedalla's talent for making history dance to whatever tune he pipes. The dance is merely a little more unabashed. For D. L. Murray is an odd hybrid—a melodramatic story-teller, with a relish for fact and a respect for accuracy that are generally to be found only among serious historical novelists; that is to say, novelists who hope to instruct as well as to please.

His period is one from which a novelist might derive, if he wished, a great deal of melancholy meaning. It is a period in which can be detected the decorative beginnings of so many of the woes that afflict us today. He starts in Rome of 1857—still sunk deep in the tyranny that followed upon the revolutions of 1848; he ends in Paris of 1871, with the collapse of the Commune and the rise of the German Empire. Before this portentous background, however, there moves a hero called Deodato, a renegade young friar, the illegitimate son of an Italian nobleman and the daughter of an English baronet. With such a hero, it is perhaps only natural that the tale—though its historical furniture is correct and in good taste—should become a resounding melodrama. And I might add that Mr. Murray is far and away the best living writer of historical melodrama; and that, if you don't take him seriously, he will give you a very good time.

Deodato, while still a friar, falls much in love with the statue of a certain Blessed Ludovica; so that when he meets her descendant, the Contessina Ludovica, who happens to come into his church, and who resem-

D. L. Murray

bles the statue in a quite remarkable way, he immediately transfers his adoration to her. By a lucky coincidence, the contessina's brother needs to be rescued from the papal police; so the two young men change clothes; and Deodato is launched upon the world. From this springboard, the novel leaps gracefully to London, and from London to Paris, where no less a personage than Napoleon III unravels the mystery of Deodato's birth. Napoleon is one of Mr. Murray's happiest inventions—a creature so meticulously polished, so accurately detailed, that he resembles a Winterhalter canvas, endowed with speech and movement and everything but meaning.

The lovers—Deodato and, of course, Ludovica—are not united until the Second Empire has fallen into ruin; but the period of their separation is filled with such genial, and sometimes ironical, descriptions of courts and battlefields, that the reader cannot complain. They are married during the siege of Paris and separated again by the Commune (of which Mr. Murray, I regret to say, does not approve). And when you put the book down, you know that you have been introduced to a world which, if it had ever existed, would have been extremely interesting; and which is just enough like a world that actually did exist to make you feel that you have not wasted your time.

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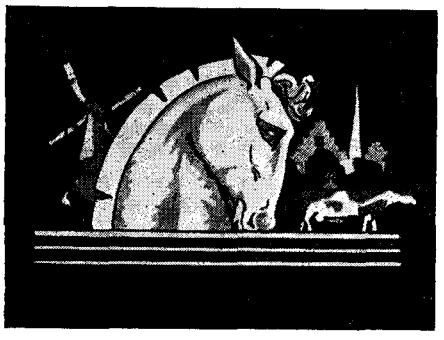
Heifers in Brabant

DUTCH VET. By A. Roothaert. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 437 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS is no book for a squeamish person, but then, no squeamish person should be allowed to read books anyway. The misleading title gives the impression that this translation is in the mode of the current procession of "professional" works about lawyers, nurses, teachers, many doctors, etc., which may conceivably have been inspired, though inadequately inspired, by Sinclair Lewis's classic, "Arrowsmith." As a matter of fact, too much veterinary detail is the principal weakness of what is otherwise a fine study of a people with whom most of us are acquainted only through "Hans Brinker" and our nurseryman.



From the jacket design for "Dutch Vet"

Though the book ends almost triumphantly it leaves one with the depressing conviction that virtually all the cattle of Holland are suffering from colic, udder complaints, tuberculosis, anthrax, hoof and mouth disease, miscarriages, milk fever, tetany, oedema, and justifiable pessimism. There is some comfort in the idea that the Germans are going to eat these animals and die in convulsions, but that is only a pleasant and fugitive fancy for it is quite evident that the Dutch could never have survived as a people with such critters as occupied Dr. Vlimmen's days and nights.

The story which skips along between extractions of needles, growths, and literally backward calves from the heifers of Brabant is forthright, cheerfully bawdy in places, and as vigorous as those Dutch items we have brought into our language, love, uncles, and the people who are beaten only *in extremis*—"It beats the Dutch!"

Dr. Vlimmen is the central figure, naturally—a man as kindly as a veterinary must be, but introspective, mildly melancholiac, and almost pathologically passionate about all injustices, and especially about the veritable injustices that beat upon his own stubborn head. The first injustice is his wife, who is kept offstage; she is improbably unaware of the physical facts of marriage till her wedding night and at that time rejects them definitely and finally. Vlimmen is only an apathetic Catholic but his residues of faith, and social and professional considerations force him into a hopeless and prolonged effort for a Church annulment.

This is a static background for an incipient persecution complex; the active one is the unjust accusation of a servant girl that he is the father of her son. Minor irritations pile up on this Dutch Job till he considers strychnine as a solution — though a vet should make a better guess than strychnine—and he eschews it principally through weary and cynical indolence. Also, there are some sick cows, pigs, horses, and lapdogs to be considered.

One of the cows is largely instrumental in saving him when she recovers from a difficult and—for the place—unusual section of a rib. There is a beautiful Zolaesque passage in here where the doctor hands the resected rib to the peasant wife and says, "For the soup." The farmer audience marvels and applauds.

The whole thing concludes in a burst of glory when the man realizes that he is the best veterinary he knows of anywhere, and that though the silken ladies and the noble princes will never applaud him in his particular lists, he can go on tilting for his own satisfaction.

The book is not likely to raise the market price of veal and the physiological processes of human beings in various circumstances are put down with a Dutch bluntness that will give delicate persons a lovely shock—particularly a delightful scene explaining the facts about the servant girl. But except for an overdutiful dose of veterinary surgery now and then, which can be skipped at will, the novel is as solid as a wooden shoe.

Phil Stong is the author of "State Fair." His volume on Iowa which has just appeared, inaugurates a new series to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

A Novel of Politics

TASSELS ON HER BOOTS. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 296 *pp.* $2.75.

AS an excursion through the shoddiest and most disgraceful chapter of our history, Arthur Train's latest novel is to be recommended to those to whom the quotation from Ecclesiastes on the title page would apply: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Those who have read much about New York under the Tweed Ring will find the chief features of the novel already familiar to them; others will discover in it an illuminating characterization of the years following the Civil War, when the public domain was being tossed piecemeal to the speculators, when the printing presses of the Erie were working overtime to water the railroad's stock to the extent of a one hundred and thirty per cent increase in eight months. The period is here in all its cynicism, with Jim Fisk directing his affairs from the oriental paradise of the Opera House, sending armed forces to fight a pitched battle with Vanderbilt's cohorts over the Albany and Susquehanna under a barrage of injunctions from corrupt justices on both sides, Boss Tweed cursing the high price of legislators who would not stay bought even at eleven thousand dollars, and Jay Gould running the price of gold up to 162, unloading on the quiet and leaving "half of Wall Street in ruins."

Historical and fictitious characters circulate so freely together in the narrative that a postscript is required to distinguish them conclusively. The hero is a young South Carolinian educated in England who in his first amazement at New York falls in with the Ring. Later, discovering the bottomless depths of its iniquity, he joins forces with Choate, Nast, Evarts, and the other reformers and is instrumental in bringing about its downfall. Meanwhile he pursues the enigma of the beautiful colleen who obviously loves him but will not marry him. By treating his subject as fiction, Mr. Train has of course enhanced its liveliness, but readers will be chiefly interested in its factual side. Indeed, his own concern with the characters of the story seems to diminish steadily the farther they stray from the political and social scene. The novel's appeal is that of a readable dramatization of an orgiastic era in our past from which we have yet to recover, morally or economically—perhaps shall never wholly recover.

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A World of Change

THE BRIDGE: MY OWN STORY. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 422 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

NO autobiography could have been more appropriately titled. It is not merely that this personal story spans the years and events from the old safe and solid world of the 1880's to the great fury raging in today's uncertain world, but that many a gap of understanding between different worlds has been bridged in a career of widely participant observing and socially perceptive writing. Ernest Poole, for himself and his readers, has built bridges of interpretation between well-to-do Americans and those standing in breadlines, between people with an established place in their country's life and immigrants struggling confusedly in a strange land, and in this book, between the past and the present here and in Europe.

Perhaps the author would have been less successful as a bridge-builder, had his mother not been so far-sighted for a sheltered woman of the Victorian age—which we had in America. "It's not enough to be good or pretty," she told her daughters. "You've got to do something more than that to meet this new day." From hearing her tell of the Chicago fire, Ernest as a boy of five sensed that he had been born into a world of change. Her description of how she fought her way through smoke and flames, with his sister in her arms, blowing through a wet shawl into the baby's mouth to keep her from suffocating, he never forgot. When later he left Chicago, to return many times, his father said: "You're a lucky boy. You'll live to see Chicago finished." But now: "I never have, I never will. Changing, changing, all the time, like our whole country, it never stops."

After private school and Princeton, young Poole "came abruptly into a world dark and harsh and guttural—but fascinating, wonderful." This was New York's Lower East Side, where he lived in a settlement house headed by Robert Hunter and made lasting friendships with Walter Weyl, English Walling, Arthur Bullard, Fred King, Howard Brubaker, and other young men who were continuing their educations in like manner. But also he got acquainted with the people of the slums and learned how they lived, and talked in Russian, Polish, and German cafes with socialists, anarchists, free thinkers, and occasionally the misbehaved — among them a white slaver and an ex-burglar. Here his writing career began with articles on child labor accepted by *McClure's*.

Sometime afterward, in a New York tenement, Katharine Breshkovsky, (Babushka, or Little Grandmother) told him of Russia. So presently he went there himself, with a correspondent's commission from the *Outlook*. It was a country of contrasts as black and white as in France before its own Revolution. He wrote of what he saw: the Cossack cruelties, the peasant poverty, the stirrings of revolt.

In the World War he was a correspondent again, much of the time in Germany, where already there were signs and prophecies of totalitarianism as the nation's eventual, chosen way of life; and thence once more he went to Russia, where he saw the Revolution, the rise and fall of the Kerensky regime, and the triumph of the Bolsheviki, which meant the end of the hope of political democracy. In Italy he watched force as it crushed down democracy, and in Geneva "the old spirit of national jealousies and secret bargainings undermining the League of Nations," on which he had counted so much. Back in America, he observed the reckless tendencies which contributed to our economic debacle, and counted the human costs of the depression. He could see good in the New Deal, though realizing that it, too, would have to be paid for and that it held dangers of too much centralization. "But any dictatorship we've had here has been democracy, when compared with those in Moscow and Berlin, and to what I've seen in Rome since 1924."

This is not, however, a book entirely about world happenings. It is also a book about living and writing in New York City at various periods, Ernest Poole's home and surroundings in New Hampshire, his family and friends, and is rich in reminiscence of people known and unknown to fame. He received the Pulitzer Prize for his novel, "His Family," but it was into "The Harbour" that he put the essence of his philosophy. In this book "I tried to give my feeling of the ceaseless challenge of this fast-moving world of ours, which to you and me and all of us says:

"'Keep changing with me, little man! If you don't, you might as well be dead!'"

Ernest Poole

Happy Annals

COUNTRY EDITOR. By Henry Beetle Hough. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 325 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

IT was in 1920 that Mr. Hough and Betty left New York and became editors and publishers of *The Vineyard Gazette* of Edgartown. This is the story of that weekly journal, of a real American town and its people, simply and sympathetically told without smartness. The annals run on without apparent heights or depths, measured by first page news values of metropolitan newspapers, but the sum total is a record of life itself.

Early in his opening paragraphs Mr. Hough reveals something of the philosophy which took him to a small-town newspaper. "All the generations before this one," he writes, "have found it difficult to understand size, bigness. . . . But I wonder if the time has not come when it is more difficult for most people to formulate an idea of smallness. Things have been big for so long now. For instance, a great many people are not only unable to imagine what a small weekly newspaper and a small town are like, but they do not even try, because they assume that anything small is simply an early and imperfect version of something big."

Mr. Hough finds good in small things and shares it with his readers. He states sound newspaper principles in saying that what makes townspeople read their local papers is news and names "which mean something at the time and in the context of town life." He has no visions of making *The Vineyard Gazette* a world journal, but he steadily makes it a better newspaper in its community and finds satisfaction in the day's work. His book is a faithful and interesting contribution to the records of journalism.

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Some Postscripts to Oscar Wilde

FRANCES WINWAR

WHEN Oscar Wilde was laid in his grave on the morning of December 3, 1900, one might have hoped that he had at last found rest. But the concession which Robert Ross, his literary executor, had rented at the cemetery of Bagneux on the outskirts of Paris, allowed only temporary hostage to the man who had been variously known as convict C.3.3. and Sebastian Melmoth. Ten years later, after the devotion of Ross and the loyalty of other friends had restored to Wilde some of the fame that was rightfully his, it was thought fitting that his body be removed from its obscure grave to Père Lachaise, already tenanted by Chopin, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, and many another of France's great dead. Ross had raised money for the cemetery plot. Mrs. Carew, the mother of Sir Coleridge Kennard, donated the monument, the execution of which was entrusted to Jacob Epstein. It was all simple, beautiful, and noble. But the perverse fatality that pursued Wilde in life did not spare him after death.

During the month of June, 1912, the Epstein sculpture, a nude, virile angel whose Sphinx-like face bore a distinct resemblance to Wilde's, was exhibited in England before it was sent to Paris. No one had anything to say against it on the grounds of obscenity or of bad taste. When, however, it was transported to Père Lachaise in September, a minor revolution broke out. With appropriate irony, it was started by the proletariat. The employees at Père Lachaise, the masons, the gravediggers, and the custodians, saw nothing of art in the great flying Sphinx. They did see, however, that unlike the rest of the funerary sculptures, it was naked and decidedly unashamed. Accordingly, they made their complaints to the proper authority which proceeded to take what it considered adequate measures. Epstein himself, however, found them an offense to his art, and with his own hands, when he went to supervise the placing of his Sphinx, chipped off several kilos of plaster that had not been on the original.

For a time everything was quiet until one day in February, 1913, Robert Ross received a letter from M. Delanney, Prefect of the Seine, in-

Oscar Wilde

forming him that the Epstein monument daily offended the sensibilities of the French people who went to the cemetery to meditate. Since Mr. Epstein had refused to make certain necessary modifications, and since the monument could not remain as it was, M. Delanney had the honor to warn Mr. Ross that unless something was done to remedy the situation, he would be obliged to remove the offending Sphinx at Mr. Ross's expense and at his risk "by virtue of Article 16 of the decree of the 23rd prairial, year 12." Moreover, the Prefect assured him, he was not alone in making the demand, but was supported by the Comité d'Esthétique de la Préfecture de la Seine.

All of Paris was up in arms. Who comprised this Esthetic Committee? And what was the Decree of the 23rd prairial? Upon investigation it was found that the committee consisted of more than a score of artists and sculptors, some of them members of the Institute. As for the decree—there it was, in black and white, among the archives of the first years of the Republic. The law showed a singular pudicity in a generation that had witnessed such outrages as those committed on the body of Mme. de Lamballe. Anyway, the article forbade the use of nudes as commemorative monuments in cemeteries unless such nudes were duly furnished with a *cache-sexe*.

In vain Wilde's friends circulated petitions and wrote letters to the newspapers. In vain Rémy de Gourmont made a public statement defending the statue and ridiculing the taste of the bourgeois with a pungency that had in it not a little of Wilde's manner. "I find nothing to object to in the monument. . . . What offends, believe me, is its originality. . . . It is the same with literature. Banality wins the day." In vain Aleister Crowley, that last shoot of the English decadence, unveiled the Sphinx in a gesture of defiance against the Paris authorities. Epstein's monument in the end had to submit to the adornment of a bronze fig-leaf. "I should have much preferred," wrote the disheartened sculptor, "the monument to remain veiled until such time as the alleged improvements made against my express desires have been removed." During the years that followed zealous undergraduates took him at his word, and periodically one or another of them would appear in some public place wearing the bronze improvement round his neck. Today the winged Sphinx remains at Père Lachaise as the sculptor executed it except that some unknown hand has ended all controversy by mutilating the stone.

The same year that witnessed the furor over the Epstein monument released another sensation before its close. Ever since Wilde's death there had been persistent rumors that he was still alive and pursuing his existence incognito. Considering the myths sprung up during Wilde's life, it was no wonder the rumors were half believed by many who had swallowed whole the most preposterous inventions. What was to prevent the master of the pose, the arch-mystifier, from perpetrating another mystification?

George Sylvester Viereck, then a young newspaperman, found in the reports a core of plausibility, and out of his admiration for Wilde, wrote an article which he published in the *Critic*. The whole matter would have created only a mild stir were it not that the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* took it up and promised to investigate it. Today, against the body of published source material,

(*Continued on page* 16)

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THE HUMAN SEASON

(*Continued from page 4*)

Franklin, and swept over American education early in the nineteenth century. The classics were, on the whole, badly taught, and the notion that the Latin (or Greek) teacher somehow inculcated "accurate linguistic training and the study of form" is one of those romantic assumptions which, though it be true in exceptional cases, is simply an unproved and unprovable generalization.

Mr. Brooks is, however, right in turning to the Harvard of Eliot's time as a center of intellectual force, for the reason that in no other period in its long history has the association of Harvard College with the currents of literary and cultural change been more intimate. I doubt that the source of change was the elective system, which destroyed the authority of the classics. It lay rather in two other departments of intellectual life, upon one of which Mr. Brooks touches only distributively without, in any one place, underlining the profound significance of his discovery, and upon the other of which, because of his aversion to formal thought and his preoccupation with belles lettres, he does not touch at all.

Mr. Brooks concentrates upon Harvard, but in so doing, despite his prefatory apology, he does grave injustice both to his theme and to other New England institutions. Had he inspected Brown and Yale, Amherst and Williams, Dartmouth and Tufts as closely as he has studied Harvard, he might have found more potent reasons why the Athenian age became the epoch of Alexandrian culture. If transcendentalism had been a center for the Golden Day, there was an official philosophy for the Silver Age. This philosophy, taught to generations of college students including writers, in some degree molded the values of the young men who sat at desks in State Street and of the young men who went west with Clarence King. Wayland at Brown was its persuasive exponent, McCosh at Princeton its powerful advocate, and Taussig at Harvard its late, influential, and modernized defender. William Graham Sumner taught a profane and pagan version of it at Yale. Mr. Brooks merely glances at Sumner, ignores Wayland, and does not discuss Taussig, who was quite as influential a person as Kittredge. When, however, Mr. Brooks writes that "the city lost interest in the country except as a field of exploitation . . . and problems of immigration and factory-problems replaced the older problems of good and evil, and men immersed in money ceased to read, and the feminization of literature was a haunting question," he should carry his appeal, not to Caesar, who had been dethroned, but to Adam Smith, who was far from dead.

The official philosophy of the age was compounded out of the moral and philosophical systems taught in the Scotch universities, the political economy of the British classical school, and that convenient form of theology which finds prosperity an index of virtue and poverty a mysterious theological cross. When presently Darwin and Spencer arrived (with a little aid from Youmans and John Fiske), the struggle of the fittest to survive fitted too neatly into the official system of values greatly to disturb the colleges. No amount of Greek, however excellently taught, could soften the tremendous impact of that naive form of Darwinism which Dreiser symbolized in the struggle of the squid and the swordfish; and even Plutarch's men could not repeal the supposedly iron law of rent or overthrow the Malthusian theorem. Had not Malthus suggested to Darwin the foundations of his system? That strange anti-Malthusian, Henry George, was a Californian, or at least a Philadelphian, and therefore wrong. Economics became "scientific"; and though Mr. Brooks is mistaken in saying that, prior to Spencer, science had been a mere collection of facts (a teleological interpretation of the universe was the main purpose of "natural philosophy" before Darwin), the "unity of nature" under the synthetic revelation certainly seemed to demand the repeal of the moral law. Indeed, it is at least possible that the impact of Darwinism upon the Scotch philosophy and British economics in New England may account in part for the failure of literary men to comprehend the Irish, the Italians, the Jews, the Poles, and other lesser breeds without the law. If the "oppressed of Europe" became for the Yankee mind "the scum of Europe," as Mr. Brooks observes, was it perhaps because they had failed in the struggle to survive? Or was it the fear of being himself vanquished that led the Boston-plated Aldrich to write "Unguarded Gates?" I feel that Mr. Brooks's failure to comprehend the profound relation between the official philosophy and Darwin explains his failure to discuss the only Harvard poet who tried to fuse idealism with evolution—William Vaughn Moody, the most neglected philosophical poet in our literary history.

If Mr. Brooks has not grasped the significance of the union between Scotch moralism and the evolutionary philosophy, he is perhaps the first critic to realize the tragic import of Charles Eliot Norton, of Arnold, and of Ruskin in misleading the New England mind. Or rather, Mr. Brooks notes the misdirection, but fails to indict the chief sinner. There was, he rightly notes, "a recrudescence of the old colonial feeling towards Europe that had seemed to be utterly extinguished." What extinguished the feeling for America was the doctrine of "culture." Culture meant an acquaintance with the best that had been said and done in the world, but by some strange coincidence culture, as taught in the Harvard classrooms, never seemed to include the United States, which was without culture except for a few exiled spirits forced to live among the barbarians. Under the dreadful influence of Arnold, Boston agreed that America was not "interesting," and proceeded to prove the truth of Tom Appleton's witticism that when good Americans die, they go to Paris—or to Rome or London or Vienna, it did not matter where, provided only it was not Schenectady, New York, or Lincoln, Nebraska. And the persuasive Norton, uniting a sterile cosmopolitanism with an equally sterile idealism, deluded two or three generations of promising young men because the cosmopolitanism was romantic and the idealism seemed to paint a pathway to the Grail. The fact that it did not lead to the Grail but only into an art museum was significant, but not so important as the fact that the art museum never contained any authentic American work. Norton was thoroughly un-Americanized, and in a deep and tragic sense of the word he and his kind succeeded in thoroughly un-Americanizing a whole regiment of writers —Henry Adams, Henry James, George Edward Woodberry, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Tom Appleton, Charles C. Perkins, A. W. Thayer, Barrett Wendell, John La Farge, Francis Marion Crawford. All that is right about a genius like Emerson and all that is wrong about a scholar like Irving Babbitt is but the measure of the vast gulf between the country at large and its cultivated intelligence, which Norton helped to dig. Harvard "culture" cut off New England from its rightful heritage, so that when in 1875 John Fiske offered to lecture on America's place in history to a small New England town, he was told that the subject "would interest very few people." Mr. Brooks refers repeatedly to the "bitch goddess Success" as the demon the young men sought to avoid; if they avoided her, they were too often bemused by a phantom "culture" that

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lamented the dying Yankees and refused to hail cosmopolitanism in the immigrants. Precisely why Italians were quaint in Naples and dangerous in Boston was a problem which Norton never set his classes in the Harvard yard.

If the baleful success of this rootless esthetic created refugee authors who wandered into a waste land of their own devising, the land itself was not wholly waste, and not every author sat under Norton. Reading may have been feminized, but the female authors at least lived in New England. Mr. Brook's pages are eloquent on the success of those who stayed home and cultivated their—American—gardens. It is perhaps in calling attention to the skill and sincerity with which these gardens were cultivated that the charm and brilliance of his book are best exhibited. "New England: Indian Summer" is bound to be read everywhere by those who are concerned for American culture in the true sense of the word. If, as an historian of culture, Mr. Brooks should not unreasonably complain that I have somehow mis-interpreted him, I can only retort by saying that he has evoked a Sphinx to whom not even he is a satisfactory Œdipus.

Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author of a number of studies of English and American literature.

Our Atmosphere

THE AIR AND ITS MYSTERIES. By C. M. Botley. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1940. 292 *pp., with index.* $3.

THE author of this book has selected her material carefully, has arranged it skillfully, and has presented it in simple, clear, and unobtrusive style. The result is one of the most complete, interesting, authoritative, and well-written popular books regarding the atmosphere and its phenomena which we have seen.

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A Tale of Mexico

THE WAY TO SANTIAGO. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

THERE was a time—and it extended all the way from Henty to E. Phillips Oppenheim—when the perils devised for the hero and his country in the literature of international adventure and intrigue were always comfortably remote from the reader's armchair, when above the turmoil God was assuredly in His Heaven. The genre today follows the lead of current catastrophes and uncertainties and does not even assume the presence of the snail on the thorn. How faithful a picture of actual possibilities "The Way to Santiago" is intended to present is not clear, but the author himself seems to take its disturbing logic seriously.

It concerns a plot to overthrow the Cardenas régime in Mexico by the *Partido Revolucionario Antisovieta,* a secret association supported by the native Goldshirts, the German Government, the *Falange Español,* and certain American and British oil interests, nominally led by General Narciso Torres, who does not intend to repeat the fiasco of Cedillo. When in the first chapter the correspondent of an American newspaper is assassinated for knowing too much, another journalist, Jimmy Lamson, sets out to run the murderer to earth. The problem, as he soon finds, is to discover the identity of the brains of the conspiracy and its liaison agent, a mysterious German known as Señor Tom—actually the half-English correspondent of the *Birmingham Observer,* whose aid Lamson mistakenly tries to enlist in his quest. As he follows the trail that leads to the supply depôt of the PRAS in Santiago de Vera Cruz on the pestilential jungle-coast, the reader is in the always exciting position of watching a double-stalking game, to which both parties are both hunter and hunted.

The taste which the novel leaves in one's mouth will depend upon one's response to the ways of reporters, who traditionally live on the crest of the passing moment, like surfboard-riders, and make a point of being impressed by nothing but strong sensations, preferably those conducive to cynicism. Mexico as it appears here, in its shiftlessness and conscienceless brutality, with its remnants of an inhuman feudalism and its flare-ups of revolutionary violence, its grand hopes and its filth and poverty, its half-breed prostitutes and its Indians with "their instinctive hatred . . . of the white man," its genuine idealists and its military leaders gifted in all methods of betrayal, is a journalist's happy hunting ground — the compound of a nation that after four centuries has not yet jelled. The author writes with the quick thrust and biting humor of his calling. As a social thinker, his sympathies are all with the trades unions, who alone are willing to help his hero in his efforts to save Mexico from the fate of Spain, but even the proletariat is not altogether spared from his iconoclasm. As a psychologist, he treats the background of Señor Tom's Nazi fervor with understanding, and he gives a good characterization of a modern dilemma in analyzing Lamson's states of mind as he tries to break through the narrow confines of his role in life. Of his abilities as a writer of adventure, it needs only to be said that the pace of incident and manoeuvre in "The Way to Santiago" hardly allows the reader a breathing space in which to realize how successfully his attention is being held.

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 333)

H. ADAMS

THE TENDENCY OF HISTORY

Yes! the objective realities of science are in contradiction with the subjective aspirations of man. . . . Society has been born of man, and has been built on sand. . . . The individual for whom it is created is always its worst enemy.

(Quoted from "L'Anthropologie" by M. Topinard, Paris, 1900)

OSCAR WILDE

(Continued from page 13)

the testimony advanced seems weak, if not suspect. It hinges chiefly on the authority of a certain Arthur Craven Lloyd who claimed Oscar Wilde as his uncle by marriage. (Wilde's wife was Constance Mary Lloyd.)

On the 23rd of March, 1913—Mr. Lloyd is at least definite about the date—Oscar *redivivus,* fat, browned from his sojourn in sunny lands, and wearing a beard, came to look up his nephew in Paris. One might have thought that like Hamlet's father's ghost the very much materialized Oscar would have brought some startling message, pleaded for his vindication, or, to prove himself the real Simon Pure, uttered some memorable epigram. No. He merely quenched his thirst and said he was writing his memoirs. Nevertheless the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* saw fit to declare by special cable on the 8th of November, that he almost believed "we shall see Wilde back in Paris some day." Robert Ross who had watched at Wilde's deathbed, Vyvyan Holland who had been called to the exhumation of his father at Bagneux, the remaining friends of Wilde who had been present at the funeral, maintained a disdainful silence. Only Henry Davray who had come to the wretched hotel room on the Rue des Beaux Arts before the coffin was nailed down cried in exasperated denial: "I have touched his corpse!" In spite of the hope of the Paris correspondent, the bearded Wilde never again appeared in the flesh. In the spirit world, however, he leads an active life, to judge by the recorded Wildean epigrams of the medium Lazar.

Works purported to be Wilde's began making their appearance shortly after his death. Indeed, a translation of the "Satyricon of Petronius," and another of Barbey d'Aurevilly's flamboyant novel, "Ce Qui Ne Meurt Pas" (*What Never Dies*) are still issued as genuine Wildeana by publishers who may, or may not, be acting in good faith.

"What Never Dies" appeared in Paris toward 1902 in an English version attributed to Sebastian Melmoth. Wilde's most intimate friends knew of no such work of his, but since the translation had something of Wilde's style, and since they had no facts with which to refute the assertion of the publisher, they could do nothing beyond wondering when Sebastian Melmoth had done his literary hack work.

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Robert Sherard, in "The Real Oscar Wilde," quotes M. Dupoirier, the landlord of the Hôtel d'Alsace, on Wilde's activities toward the end of his life: "He used to work at nights . . . all night long. As a rule he used to come in at one o'clock in the morning and sit down to his table, and in the morning he would show me what he had written, and 'I have earned a hundred francs tonight,' he would say."

What had Wilde been writing? Had he been doing work of which he was ashamed and which therefore he kept secret from his friends? Who would have paid him at the rate of a hundred francs for the labor of a night? "At an important newspaper office," Sherard writes elsewhere in his book, "I was told that he had been invited to collaborate, regularly, a weekly *chronique* at three hundred francs the article." Had Wilde been writing part of such a *chronique?* Was that what he showed M. Dupoirier? Or, tortured by his intellectual impotence which, with for once bitter humor he called his *cacoethes tacendi,* was Wilde offering the simple Dupoirier hope that the debts he owed him would be paid —by a pen that had been broken in Reading Gaol? Whatever it was that kept him at his table till morning, it was neither "What Never Dies" nor Petronius's pagan banquet; for on an end-leaf in colored paper, inserted in the edition of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" brought out in Paris in 1909 by Charles Carrington, there is a *nota bene* apprising the reader that the published no longer offers the two translations as the works of Sebastian Melmoth or Oscar Wilde.

Nevertheless short stories, poems, and other writings continued to be thrust upon the public as newly discovered Wilde items. There was a real stir in the literary world, however, when in 1922 the reputable house of Methuen of London which could boast of one of the finest editions of Wilde's complete works, included in the series "For Love of the King," a Burmese masque, the existence of which came as a surprise to even such an authority as Christopher S. Millard who, under the pseudonym of Stuart Mason, had compiled in 1914 his extraordinary "Bibliography of Oscar Wilde," one of the finest works of its kind ever produced.

"The very interesting and richly colored masque or pantomimic play which is here printed in book form, for the first time," an introductory note announces in "For Love of the King," was invented sometime in 1894 or possibly a little earlier. It was written not for publication, but as a personal gift to the author's friend and friend of his family, Mrs. Chan Toon. . . . "

Who was this Mrs. Chan Toon? The same note offers enlightenment. "Mrs. Chan Toon, before her marriage to Mr. Chan Toon, a Burmese gentleman, nephew of the King of Burma and a barrister of the Middle Temple, was Miss Mabel Cosgrove, the daughter of Mr. Ernest Cosgrove of Lancaster Gate, a friend of Sir William and Lady Wilde, and herself brought up with Oscar and his brother Willie." A delicate little detail, this, of little Mabel Cosgrove growing up with the two Wilde boys. As all the persons mentioned could make no denial from the grave, Mrs. Chan Toon became her own authority for this infantile interlude. Still another question—Why had the masque not been published before?—was forestalled by the note which implied that out of a sense of delicacy Mrs. Chan Toon had not until then consented to see it in print, even though Robert Ross—also dead —had wanted to include it in his edition of Wilde's works. The public was further informed that Mrs. Chan Toon was now Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse, the nephew of the King of Burma having in the meantime joined his ancestors.

The weight, however, for the authenticity of the Burmese masque lay in the letter to Mrs. Chan Toon from Oscar Wilde which followed the introductory note. Unlike nearly all of Wilde's correspondence, it was carefully dated from Tite Street, November 27, 1894. In it he thanked Mrs. Chan Toon for the receipt of one of her books, advised her that he was sending her the fairy play "for your amusement," elaborated with unsubtle suggestion his meeting with "a Swedish Baron, French in manner, Athenian in mind, and Oriental in morals . . . " (not omitting the suspension points) and closed with remembrances from Constance "while I, who am bathing my brow in the perfume of water lilies, lay myself at the feet of you and yours."

In spite of much that would have roused the suspicion of anyone acquainted with the style of Wilde, "For Love of the King" was accepted by the reviewers, the critic of the *London Times Literary Supplement* alone wondering "whether Wilde would have cared to see this . . . solemnly put out among his collected works." There the matter might have ended had not Christopher Millard received a letter in June, 1925 from Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse, offering him "six very interesting Wilde letters which for an immediate deal you can have at a bargain." Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse took the opportunity at the same time of reminding him that she was the owner of the original Burmese masque.

Needless to say, Millard, an ardent collector of Wildeana, leapt at the offer of six new letters, and immediately got in touch with Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse. Alas, even the most cursory examination convinced him that the letters were all forgeries. His suspicions thus confirmed, he wrote to Methuen the following day for permission to examine the original typescript of "For Love of the King," with corrections in Wilde's handwriting, and also the Wilde letter printed with the masque, which no one but Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse had ever seen. After delay occasioned by the publisher's difficulty in obtaining the typescript, Millard had the opportunity of examining it. The corrections, he ascertained, were not in Wilde's handwriting. An expert whom he consulted went further: they were in the hand of Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse.

Acting on his knowledge, Millard exposed what he had no hesitation in calling "one of the most remarkable literary forgeries of recent years." But the masque still appears as the work of Oscar Wilde with the translation of Petronius and "What Never Dies." Doubtless new forgeries will be perpetrated, other hoaxes be imposed upon a market in which the name of Oscar Wilde commands a high price. Paradoxically he to whom, in life, art alone was no pose must, in death, suffer from its imitators.

Frances Winwar is the author of "Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties."

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NORTON

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Romantic Profession

WHEN THE SHIPS CAME IN. By Jack Lawrence. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

WHEN the ships came in, *nota bene* the past tense; and when Jack Lawrence walked into the office of the Ship News Reporters' Association he found the names of twelve New York dailies on the door, including those of the *Mail* and *Press,* which gives one a rough idea. . . .

Newspaper reporting was one of the romantic professions in those days, with the practitioners living a scenario out of Jesse Lynch Williams. They drank old-fashioned, slept under the cover of the roll-top desk, scored beats according to a code which made a piece of news a man's own if he promoted it, but required him to cover the other reporters on the beat if it was something that drifted in and might as well have been received by one man as another. They were sentimental and laughed at their own sentimentality; they played outrageous practical jokes, as when they managed to get past several city desks a heart-rending story about an immigrant named Loof Lirpa, who had been torn from the arms of his family by the cruel agents of Ellis Island.

It formed a strange hectic-idyllic existence, which seemed as though it might never end as events drifted past. But it did end; the First World War ended it. The *Lusitania* went down, many of the old reporters ascended into plush-lined publicity offices, and the college cubs who replaced them were a long time absorbing the tradition. Yet it took catastrophe to complete the process. Chapin, the famous eccentric city editor of the *World,* who either in person or by the reactions he provoked, was responsible for most of the old legend, hired Lawrence for his paper and that same night went home and shot his incurably sick wife.

It has apparently taken Lawrence the intervening twenty-odd years to discover that this event did mark the end of an era, and to write this book as a monument to it. The reader benefits by the interval; the stories are gilded by distance now and their points made sharper by contrast. Many of the ends that were then left floating have been tucked in by time; and the result is one of the season's best books of tales.

Indian Pictographs

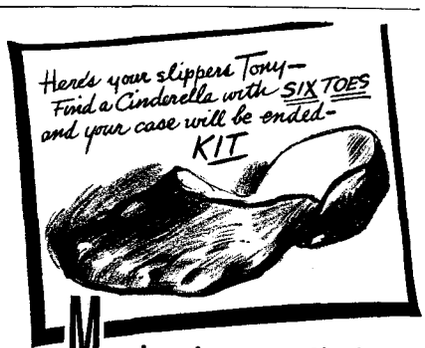
FRIJOLES CANYON PICTOGRAPHS. Recorded in woodcuts and handprinted by Gustave Baumann, with foreword by Alfred Vincent Kidder. Santa Fe, New Mexico: Writers' Editions, Inc. 1940.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH S. SERGEANT

THIS book, though more pictorial than archeological, has a unique documentary value, derived from authentic rubbings and drawings of Frijoles Canyon pictographs, made by the author—a well-known Santa Fe artist—in halcyon days long before the Canyon became a National Park. We doubt whether a more complete Frijoles collection exists, even in photographic form, of these rather infantile beginnings of the art of representation, fascinating both as art and prehistory, whether found in Southern Europe or Southwest U.S.A. The collection of primitive masterpieces, guarded inviolably as museum pieces through the centuries, first by Mother Nature and the Indian descendants of the cliff dwellers, who finally migrated to the better irrigated valley below, and then by the archeologists, like Bandelier and Hewett, who came here very early, have fared infinitely less well since the government took over and the hard-boiled tourist appeared on the scene.

That is why Baumann has reverted to a date, perhaps twenty years past, when one approached the cliff homes of the Ancient People over a very precarious road that wound up from the Rio Grande Valley into the dry, high mesas of the Pajarito Plateau of the Jemez Mountains, and stopped short at a zig-zag horse trail which slid down the sheer cliff side like a snake. The traveler who arrived at the bottom of the canyon found himself in a world apart, surrounded by immemorial antiquity, a quietude in which "human voices yet seemed" as Baumann says, "to vibrate somewhere, among bird notes, an occasional ripple of water and the singing of the pines."

This peculiar atmosphere, evocative and provocative, was the ideal one in which to duck in and out of cliff houses, cut in the volcanic tufa of the canyon base, and make terms with the prehistorian's version of turkey, squirrel, and deer; with ritualistic masked dancers, and vigorous huntsmen, traced on walls and smoky house roofs with a charred stick, or "pecked" there with a bone tool. And it was especially exciting to come upon the



Murder in an artist's studio—the first mystery in which 40 illustrations by one of the characters are as important as the text

MURDER DRAWS A LINE

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LET HIM DIE *E. H. Clements* (Dutton: $2.)	Precocious youngster puts "guardian" under suspicion of poisoning vicious father. Scotland Yard investigates, but "guardee" saves all hands, including self.	Character study rather than mystery—tho' that's good enough. Capital conversation and pre-war London background also enhance yarn.	Worthwhile
PAPA PONTIVY AND THE MAGINOT MURDER *Bernard Newman* (Holt: $2.)	Mutilated corpse in Maginot line ammunition room leads sleuth to Brittany before Pontivy elucidates clever cypher and unmasks murderous plotter.	Sabotage, storks, crosswords, colorful Breton scenery, and informative French front dope (1939) hold interest for those who like spy-intrigue yarns.	Entertaining
THE GHOST PLANE *Arthur Stringer* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Plane pilot and girl in snowy Canadian wastes track down and eliminate trio of thieving and murderous adventurers.	Fast moving thriller of sub-arctic intrigue. Concluding scene offers new way to down a plane. Romantic angles pleasantly handled.	Entertaining
NO SIGN OF MURDER *Wallace Reed* (Phoenix: $2.)	Two decadent female branches of once sturdy New York family tree lopped off by stealthy killer. Local sheriff gets his man.	Frenetic blood-curdler, complete with unpleasant clinical details, small-time gangsters, crotchery ancients, philandering medicos, and pulchritudinous bucolic belle.	Momma!

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advent of history, in the shape of a horse and a full-skirted dancer—evidence of the arrival of the Spanish Conquistador.

The best days for archeologists—as well as for artists—are the first days, and Dr. A. V. Kidder, the distinguished authority who contributes the introduction, writes with equal nostalgia of the time when as a "cub" archeologist he was digging "right here, in the Tyuonyi ruin" and living in the self-same cave with Baumann's (and the cliff dwellers') squirrel. The author's text omitting all dates, lists, maps and other scientific paraphernalia, lightly relegating the learned to their "stratosphere," concentrates on presenting the subjective vision of the artist. With the aid of two gifted fellow craftsmen, also of Santa Fe—Willard Clark for typography, and Hazel Dreis for case—and of Writers Editions', an established self-publishing group, Baumann has produced a very original regional art book, handmade and spicy throughout—recognizably a Baumann, too, though not to hang on your wall.

Elizabeth Sergeant has spent many years in New Mexico and has done much work among the Indians.

Neighbor to the South

THE MEXICAN EARTH. By Todd Downing. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 337 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THIS is a meaty and craftsmanlike study of our next-door neighbor. It is crammed with fact, color, interpretation; with history, archeology, folkways; and enriched by anecdote and discerning comment. It is an ambitious, and on the whole successful, attempt to condense Mexico into one volume of moderate length. Mr. Downing obviously knows his Mexico, has observed it affectionately, yet discriminatingly, and writes vividly and entertainingly. He has also read widely and knows some of the earlier chroniclers well. And, this, let it be said for the benefit of the lengthening line of latter-day literary delvers in Mexico, is the place to begin. Only thus, as Mr. Downing appreciates, and makes clear to his readers, is the continuity of the Mexican drama understandable. Thus, this pert and pat diagnosis and definition: (the author has been speaking of Pedro de Alvarado, blond-bearded giant, able and ruthless Cortez captain.)

> From beginning to end of his career in America he was the gold seeker. Mexican history falls into periods during which foreigners like him have come to make personal fortunes out of first one and then another of the country's resources; yellow gold, silver, green gold, black gold. The Mexican Revolution, in the last analysis, is a repudiation of these exploiters — yellow beards, blue eyes, smiles and all—and of the alien institutions which they brought with them.

From here Mr. Downing carries his thread to the contemporary decrees expropriating lands, the Agua Caliente resort properties, the foreign-owned National Railways of Mexico, and on March 18, 1938, the properties of seventeen British and American oil companies.

There is a little new material, based chiefly on the author's personal experiences. Generally speaking, however, "The Mexican Earth" is a skillful adaptation and rearrangement of the work of previous writers. Mr. Willard's fine pen and ink drawings admirably supplement the author's effective capture of the atmosphere of Mexico.

Ernest Gruening, at present Governor of Alaska, and at one time an editor of The Nation, *is the author of "Mexico and Its Heritage," which is considered one of the authoritative books on its subject. It has been characterized as doing for the United States what Bryce in "The American Commonwealth" did for the United States.*

Prisoners in Russia

THE GUILLOTINE AT WORK. By P. G. Maximoff. Chicago: The Alexander Berkman Fund. 1940. 627 *pp.* $3.50.

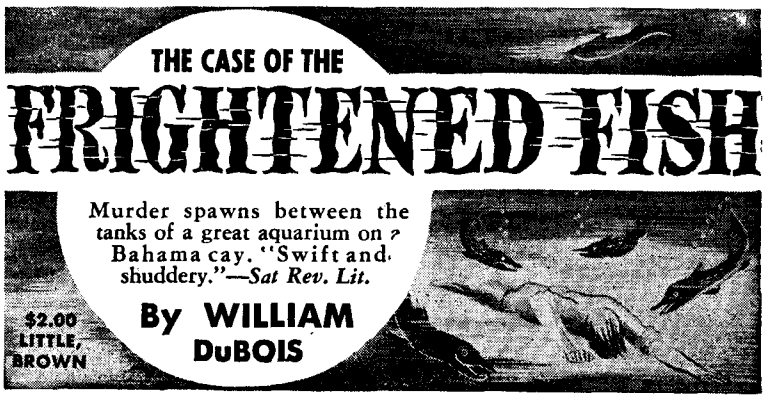
Reviewed by CHARLES MALAMUTH

THE "body" of this book consists of case histories and general descriptive material relating the systematic mistreatment of political prisoners in Russia, with special reference to anarchists. Its "soul" is an anarchist critique of the Soviet State as such, wherein the author attempts to prove that Stalinism is an inevitable outgrowth of Leninism—its natural continuation, and merely Bolshevism in its current expression; and that Bolshevism itself is the natural and logically inevitable fruit of Marxist premises, its doctrine and philosophy, in action.

Inconsistencies are apparent at the outset, when Mr. Malamuth attempts to establish the genetic link between Marxism and Bolshevism. These inconsistencies crop up throughout this voluminous work in the subsequent attempt to identify Stalinism of today with Leninism. Regarding all Marxism as reactionary, the author contends that the Marxists were "victorious" (his quotes) in the Russian Revolution (the victory itself being paradoxical) because of "their temporary renunciation of Marxism, effected in order to achieve their aim of seizing power." He contends that not only Lenin resorted to this renunciation of Marxism but Marx himself. In both instances the renunciation was in favor of anarchism. The latter is the only truly revolutionary philosophy, according to the author, true Marxism, the Marxism of the Communist Manifesto, being reactionary. What the author does not explain is why the anarchists themselves had never anywhere in the world led a successful revolution, while a Marxist "fraud" like Lenin and Marxist "racketeers" like the Bolsheviks, by applying the principles of anarchism, did.

The "body" of the book however, is well founded in fact. At least, there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the documents cited. They form a martyrology that must weigh heavily on the consciences of all men and women, in Russia or outside, who in one way or another supported a regime as cruel and ruthless as the Soviet regime has always been—and especially those among them who today share this anarchist author's view of Marxism or Bolshevism or both as reactionary in nature. Yet the account of mistreatments chronicled here barely scratches the surface. In the first place, it is confined to anarchists, thus excluding the far more numerous political martyrology of Socialist-Revolutionists, Mensheviks, Trotskyists, and various other political dissidents from monarchists to communists. Stalin's latest purge alone is believed to have destroyed 300,000 communists through shooting, exile, and imprisonment over the brief period 1935-1938.

The story of anarchist suffering under the Soviet regime thus forms only a very small portion of the total suffering by political dissidents in present-day Russia. If therefore this book tells but a tiny fraction of the whole story, it does have the merit of having set an example. Let others follow with the stories of S-Rs, Mensheviks, communists, and others — and when they do, I hope they will be able to bring their stories closer to our current years, for in this book the bulk of the stories refer to the twenties and early thirties.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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

MEMORIES OF A CHILD OF VASSAR. By Cornelia M. Raymond. Vassar Coöperative Bookshop. 1940. $1.25.

Miss Raymond is almost literally a child of Vassar. She was born in 1861, the year that Vassar was founded, and went to Poughkeepsie in the fall of 1865 when her father entered upon his duties as president. She is there today, lovingly and intelligently working among the records of the college, the early minutes of the Trustees, faculty, and students' association. This book is charmingly personal, but carries tucked away among a little girl's memories a number of illuminating observations of the personalities who gave vigor and color to the test years of this educational experiment; Maria Mitchell; her father, President Raymond, of whom a trustee once said "he can dive deeper, swim farther and come out drier than any man I ever knew"; the Hollander, Professor Van Ingen; the art professor who suffered nobly under the Founder's gift of some particularly bad chromos; James Orton, famous for his explorations in Peru; Professor Hinkle, wise and exacting who, strolling through a corridor which housed the sheet-draped casts from the art gallery, was shocked that the young ladies should appear thus outside their bedrooms.

Miss Raymond's book is published in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Vassar College and in honor of Henry Noble MacCracken, in the twenty-fifth year of his presidency.

R. L.

Fiction

BROADSIDES. By R. W. Daly. Macmillan. 1940. 528 *pp.* $2.50.

In 1805, as today, England was faced with a resolute and triumphant foe. He had dominated the continent, taken strategic positions in Africa, and was now ensconced in full force along the Channel all the way down to Spain. But he had no planes and never got past the British squadrons; the issue was settled at Trafalgar. Such is the rousing climax of Mr. Daly's romantic sea-tale. In the background is the long duel between Bonaparte and Britain, in the foreground the career of Captain Edward O'Corboy, and joining them is that dominant element in both: the British Navy. Mr. Daly must indeed have been tempted to make more of old Bonaparte and let him take the stage, but he kept Bony resolutely in the rear with the other supernumeraries, for the stage belongs to O'Corboy himself, who tells the tale.

He was a queer one to be in the navy at all, in those days when no Irishman who took the King's gold dared show his face at home again. But O'Corboy had his private reasons, and a love of the sea to boot. As he tells of his adventures, in a swift, simple, imaginative style that makes easy reading, he keeps stopping the story, sometimes at an exasperating moment, for long digressions on ships, rigging, cannon, discipline, officers, and men. To many readers this rich lode of eighteenth century sea lore will be as engrossing as the devious windings of the tale itself. The astonishing thing is how, out of the melange of sails, broadsides, romance, and digression, there comes a very solid sense of that intangible thing called character, the character of O'Corboy and the navy he served. Very sensibly, Mr. Daly has tempered this vigorous yarn with just the proper minimum of feminine charm, enough to captivate the O'Corboy without keeping him from the sea. It is a satisfying yarn, long, various, and exciting.

N. L. R.

FALSE WITNESS. By Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 275 *pp.* $2.

Irving Stone, who wrote "Lust for Life" and "Sailor on Horseback," has turned from dramatized biography to try his hand at a sermon in the form of a novel. "False Witness" takes as its text the Ninth Commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor"—and Mr. Stone labors earnestly to demonstrate how destructive a few unneighborly fabrications could be to the peace and quiet of a California community back in 1903.

The trouble all started when the old Widow Smithers announced that someone had stolen fifty dollars from the bottom of her flour barrel. Before that, Mission Valley had been a place of sweetness, light, and toothsome church suppers. John Annister, who founded the town, had seen to it that the men got along together in a spirit of harmony and love and that the womenfolk, when they had to talk, told one another the stories they had been reading, instead of engaging in idle tattle. But when it was learned that poor Mary Shoemaker had baked a cake for the Widow Smithers on that day when her banknotes were sifted out of the flour, the pent-up parishioners of Mission Valley abandoned themselves to uproar and tongue-wagging, accusation and counter-accusation. In recounting the struggle that ensued between Hauser and John Annister and Annister's daughter Margaret, Mr. Stone makes fifty dollars go a long way. "False Witness" has its virtues, but they are more moral than literary.

J. S. M.

RUN OF THE STARS. By Dora Aydelotte. Appleton-Century. 1940. 340 *pp.* $2.

Dora Aydelotte knows the pioneer period of this country and she writes about it with vividness and feeling. "Run of the Stars" takes northeastern Texas as its setting. It is the story of Sela Burchard from the day in 1889 when she joined her family in the Domain of Dinwiddie until, several years later when the Supreme Court decided that Dinwiddie County was part of the Oklahoma territory. Sela's personal history is simple enough. Disregarding her more eligible suitors, she marries Clint Aragon, a "nester"

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whose motherless baby she has adopted; has babies of her own, and proves to be a sturdy, successful pioneer woman in the best tradition. The real drama of the novel derives from the feuds between the cattle men, farmers, and nesters, and the relentless rampaging of the rivers. Because Miss Aydelotte is a better historian than novelist, or creator of characters, the meat of the book is in its backgrounds.

R. L.

THIS DYNASTY OF DOCTORS. By Rhoda Truax. Bobbs-Merrill. 1940. 397 *pp.* $2.50.

The number of books by and about doctors is still small token of the vast curiosity of the average layman toward the medical profession. The novelist, therefore, who knows medicine and its practitioners is a full step ahead of his fellows when it comes to holding an audience. Rhoda Truax is no exception. She thought of being a doctor herself; instead, she married a medical student, spent many months studying the history of American medicine, and has now written a fine and sympathetic novel of an American medical family. Her story is so simply and unpretentiously told that the reader sometimes wonders whether it is his interest in medicine or his interest in the book that holds him to it.

Four generations of doctors and more than a century of medical progress is no small measure to compass into less than four hundred pages. But the book is clearly and honestly conceived; it is by no means cluttered or filled with needless characters and scenes.

In the early nineteenth century Roger Chastwick was a prominent Boston doctor. It was his dream that his son should take over his practice. But Joshua Chastwick, after two years study in Paris (where he lost his heart to a charming French lass), chose the laboratory over the sick room. His son and a daughter also become doctors, and it is the daughter, Maria, who is the most vivid and important character in the book. Despite tradition and her father's iron will she becomes a good doctor and a better scholar. Her devotion to research carries her to London and Vienna, and finally back to Boston for a gracious and alert old age. She is never old-fashioned, but she remains a symbol of an earlier age, an age far different from that of her father or grandfather, yet not of the nineteen thirties.

It is therefore something of a shock to be introduced to young Bill Chastwick, a medical student in the late depression years. His training and his love affair seem to be hardly a part of the original story, and it is difficult to understand why he is intruded. His modern dress and modern slang are strangely out of place in what is otherwise a competent and delightful piece of work.

C. P.

History

ON THE TRAIL OF THE EIGHT-POINTED CROSS. By Elizabeth Wheeler Schemerhorn. Putnam's. 1940. 421 *pp.* $4.

The eight-pointed cross of the Knights of St. John still marks on many buildings throughout Europe and the Near East the former possessions of the great crusading order which we know best as the Knights of Malta. Malta, of course, was only the last of their strongholds. Until 1522 they held Rhodes against the Turks, and earlier still their center was in Jerusalem itself. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the merits of their order attracted many gifts from good Christians who admired, sometimes their crusading zeal, sometimes their charity and hospitality, sometimes their efficiency as business men. To administer their landed wealth, recruit their numbers, and provide for the retirement of their older members, the Knights set up "commanderies" all over Christendom, and as their wealth increased they built castles and hospitals, tended the sick, sheltered pilgrims, put down brigands, and played on a large scale their combined roles of monks and feudal seigneurs. Miss Schemerhorn has studied many of the remains in parchment and stone of the European commanderies, and written a rambling antiquarian account of them, an account usually learned and instructive, based in part on new materials, and sometimes very entertaining. Her exposition of obsolete customs is unforced and admirable; for subjects less in her special line, however, she has a florid prose which strikes the ear like the embarrassingly hollow exuberance of a Tower of London guide.

G. M.

Miscellaneous

HOUSING IN SCANDINAVIA. By John Graham, Jr. University of North Carolina. 1940. 223 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

This is an excellent book for the housing specialist but students of contemporary society would find it interesting in many ways. With the recent tragic focus of attention on Scandinavia, a book of this sort is timely. The magnificent contribution of the Scandinavian countries to civilization in the past twenty-five years is excellently illustrated in their numerous social, administrative, and housing reforms, in their development of coöperative movements, in their organization of order, and their growth of artistic sense in the past few years. Mr. Graham's book wittily and with considerable charm discusses his personal experiences and interests and interlards his text with good cold facts.

The first chapter, "Land for Housing," is to be highly recommended for a lucid description of the all important public ownership land policy of the Scandinavias. The book is divided into five sections: Land; Municipal Housing; Housing Societies; Rural Housing, and Philosophy. The solutions for each of these topics and the individual accomplishments of each country are compared and then referred to the American scene. The illustrations are good and particularly to be commended is Mr. Graham's catholicity of taste in design and in building type. The chapter on rural housing should prove of interest to many economists and sociologists here working in the rural fields. The author may be accused of an occasional over-indulgence in whimsy, but the book is readable and should be useful to both the technician and the layman interested in housing.

C. F.

Travel

THE WANDERING LAKE. By Sven Hedin. Dutton. 1940. 291 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

The books of Sven Hedin have been notable for a number of virtues which are rarely combined by explorers: good writing, even in translation, amazing but unpretentious adventure, sympathy, the acute apprehension of beauty, imagination, and yet a crisp accuracy in the reporting of scientific achievement. Only the physical adventure,

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detailed so well in his earlier books, is lacking in this story of the wandering lake which he pursued in central Sinkiang. In 1900 he prophesied that the Lake Lop-nor would soon return to the bed it occupied fifteen hundred years earlier, when the great Silk Road went past it to Eastern Turkistan; and in 1934 he returned to find his prediction fulfilled. The desert is blooming again, and it is not impossible, he feels, that the city Lou-lan, abandoned to the dust when the lake strayed off, will revive to become a motor caravanserai on the trans-Asiatic highway he has recently surveyed.

Travelling by canoe down the Konche-daria and Kum-daria rivers, and by car across the Ghashun Gobi Desert, Dr. Hedin made various discoveries of geographical and ethnological importance, among the latter several groups of mummies nearly two thousand years old. His second journey was made from Anhsi past the grottoes of the Buddhas and over the Pei-shan mountains, where he encountered camels and bandits before reaching his vagabond lake.

Dr. Hedin's solution to the problem of the wandering lake will form an interesting chapter of detection for the scientist, but the lay reader may find the maps uninspiring, the sketches and photographs of too special an interest, and the story on the whole disappointing after the rampant wonders he has been led to expect from Dr. Hedin's pen. H. D.

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A DOCTOR'S HOLIDAY IN IRAN. By Rosalie Slaughter Morton. Funk & Wagnalls. 1940. 335 *pp.* $3.

Little heeded by the Western world, ancient Iran has been undergoing a social revolution of unparalleled magnitude. Although in her delightfully rambling pages, Dr. Morton presents a great deal of valuable information and intelligent observation of the country, her book never really comes into any focus until, in the last seven or eight chapters, she gets her teeth into subjects that really profoundly interest her as a woman, as a doctor, and as an intelligent observer of human society. Her discussions of the momentous reforms of the last decade affecting education, religion, and the women of Iran, as well as her chapters on medicine, and her sympathetic treatment of the great part played here by the missionaries, are of real interest. Woven in with this thread of social analysis, however, one finds able, but often very sketchy, passages on the arts, the scenery, the architecture, and the history of Iran, the sort of thing that can be found in a dozen travel books on the country. Dr. Slaughter's constant praise for reborn Iran is generous, but to any one who knows the country, it glosses over a multitude of difficulties for the foreigner. Iran is not yet ready for the tourist.

C. C.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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1-X	2-Q	3-R	4-C	5-T	6-Z	7-E	8-L	9-I	10-Y	11-J		12-D	13-K		14-U	15-S
	16-V	17-H	18-O		19-Y	20-T	21-O	22-C	23-R	24-P	25-Z		26-G	27-I	28-D	
29-R	30-F	31-E	32-I	33-K	34-Y	35-U		36-K	37-B	38-G		39-C	40-P	41-T	42-J	
43-B	44-U	45-W		46-E	47-P	48-G	49-J	50-R		51-H	52-B	53-S		54-X	55-H	56-E
57-S	58-F	59-G	60-B		61-T	62-S	63-Q	64-N	65-X	66-C	67-M	68-J		69-I	70-T	71-Y
72-K	73-A	74-P		75-R	76-F	77-Q	78-A	79-E	80-L	81-J		82-H	83-I	84-K		85-O
86-X	87-T	88-N	89-D		90-D	91-B	92-S		93-V	94-Z	95-K	96-S	97-E		98-V	99-G
100-I		101-Q	102-P	103-H	104-B	105-O	106-G		107-W	108-G	109-D	110-K	111-M		112-T	113-C
114-Y	115-A	116-N		117-A	118-W		119-B	120-K	121-Q		122-T	123-B	124-O	125-M		126-S
127-G		128-Q	129-Y	130-V	131-L	132-A		133-W	134-I	135-A		136-F	137-G	138-U	139-L	140-T
141-S		142-V	143-Z	144-A	145-D	146-M		147-U	148-W		149-R	150-U	151-C	152-V		153-C
154-R	155-B		156-H	157-S	158-G	159-U	160-B	161-A		162-L	163-U	164-V	165-I	166-O		167-W
168-A	169-U		170-C	171-G	172-F	173-W	174-Y	175-H	176-P	177-J	178-X		179-E	180-C	181-W	182-M

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Practical wisdom.

B. Everywhere (3 wds.)

C. Worked into a fabric.

D. The narrator of the stories in "Old Town Folks" (last name).

E. Honor, distinction.

F. Permeate.

G. King of Assyria (705-681 B.C.)

H. Miscellany.

I. Character in "The House of the Seven Gables."

J. Leveled.

K. One of the Seven Hills of Rome.

L. Rubbish.

M. George Eliot's first husband.

N. Period immediately preceding an important event.

O. Habitual unqualified endorsers.

P. Expressive of emphasis or surprise.

Q. Something illusory.

R. Inspiring profound reverence.

S. Character in "Daniel Deronda" (first name).

T. Possessing instinctive knowledge.

U. New word, usage, or expression.

V. In opposition to.

W. Opera by Puccini.

X. Wearied, bored.

Y. Figurative name for Handel.

Z. English dramatist (1567-1601).

WORDS

132	168	115	144	73	135	161	117	78	
37	123	60	52	43	91	160	104	119	155
22	153	39	66	180	170	4	113	151	
145	90	12	89	109	28				
46	7	79	31	97	56	179			
58	136	172	30	76					
106	38	59	171	48	26	99	127	158	137	108
156	17	103	51	175	55	82			
83	100	32	165	9	69	27	134		
177	49	68	11	81	42				
33	110	84	120	36	72	95	13		
8	80	162	131	139					
182	111	125	146	67					
88	64	116							
18	124	85	105	166	21				
40	24	176	47	102	74				
2	63	101	77	128	121				
3	149	154	29	23	75	50			
96	126	53	15	92	157	57	141	62	
5	41	140	61	87	112	20	122	70	
44	169	147	159	14	138	150	35	163	
130	98	152	141	164	93	16			
133	181	148	107	118	45	173	167		
1	54	86	65	178					
10	129	19	71	114	174	34			
6	94	25	143						

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

Midsummer Poem

By W. S. HALL

The favorite book this year of William Stanley Hall
Is a Longmans Green title, *Many Ports of Call,*
The particular reason why W. S. H. is ravin'
Is because it was written by Violet Sweet Haven.
The point he is trying hard to cry-up
Is the lovely author-title tie-up.

CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE, distinguished shipmaster and author who has made many Atlantic crossings under anxious conditions, tells us that one of the most helpful contributions in present emergencies is long-range binoculars, in which the merchant services are often deficient. Optical manufacturers in Britain are busy with strictly naval requirements and merchant officers are only too likely to be lacking in glasses of high power. He happened to mention this fact at a private gathering recently and was very much touched by the gift next day of four pairs of very fine binoculars. Captain Bone emphasizes that no single resource is more helpful to the bridge in war-time than this loan of far-seeing eyes. He has suggested that binoculars might be gathered at some central depot and issued thence to ships in need of them; the glasses to be duly registered and returned to their owners at the end of the war with an inscription recording their service. The Wakefield Bookshop, 64 East 55 St., N. Y. C., has offered to serve as depository for any such offers. It should be added that it is not a question of British shipowners being unwilling to buy such equipment. It is absolutely unprocurable in Britain at this time.

★ ★

☞Venerable Old Q. was amusing himself, on what he called his vacation, by growing a beard. He was horrified to discover, however, that most of it came out white, or anyway grizzled. This he takes as a monition that it is probably time to act grown up. ☞We remember dimly that Stevenson in one of his essays said that the difference between youth and age is that youth demands joy as a right; age asks only to be spared intolerable suffering. ☞Old Q. remarked to Mr. A. Edward Newton (the distinguished essayist) that "essay" is a word we have learned to loathe; Mr. Newton replied that he does also. Mr. Newton says he has always wanted to publish a volume called *Loose Sallies,* remembering Dr. Johnson's definition of an essay as "a loose sally of the mind." ☞Old Q. spent his vacation in a remote country dwelling that has the two appurtenances of all good old-time farmhouses: a big clanging brass dinner-bell, and a crock filled with doughnuts on the pantry shelf. ☞This was a specially fine old crock marked *E. Swasey & Co., Portland, Me.* ☞ Were Swasey's famous for crocks, or for doughnuts, or what?

★ ★

☞In the barn we found Spratt's Dog Chart, with pictures and histories of all known breeds of dogs, another grand thing to have around; and not devoid of social importance. There was a fine loose sally by Virginia Woolf once on the way domestic animals change their look from era to era; 18th century dogs and cows, she said, looked quite different from the same creatures now. ☞Our motto this year was, Teach me what to Neglect. So on vacation we neglected literature, except for the new Richard Hull crime story, *My Own Murderer,* which has somewhat—though not all—the gaga and freakish quality of his famous *Murder of My Aunt.*

★ ★

☞We found a chance to go over a considerable pile of accumulated letters. F. T. W. (La Jolla, Calif.) wrote toasting us for having made no less than 5 errors of style or syntax in one Trade Winds. This may be partly due to writing the stuff late Sunday nights when stupefied by bathing in sun and salt water; and partly due to not reading proofs. ☞Or it may be sheer ignorance. ☞D. S. S. wrote from Colorado Springs to say "Constance Holme's *The Old Road from Spain* is a perfect book for high-school seniors." ☞H. P. wrote from Grand Island, Neb., "Do you suppose I am growing old and don't realize it, for I still think Arthur Colton's *The Debatable Land* is a better Civil War story than *Gone with the Wind.*" ☞The same correspondent added some well deserved praise for Guy Williams' writings in the Omaha *World-Herald.* Of Mr. Williams' column *Rolling Along,* H. P. says: "Every now and then he dishes up observations that make me scratch myself all over with sheer delight, like Mowgli."

★ ★

☞We know at least one acute observer of journalism hereabouts who often sends us clippings of Guy Williams' column. ☞Ernest Morgan wrote from Yellow Springs, Ohio, that his business of printing bookplates had risen in 1939 to $9,411 and we are hoping 1940 will go even higher. We've been wondering how Morgan's *Labor Song Book* has been getting along. ☞ The *News Letter* of the College English Association prints Prof. W. L. Werner's excellent letter *What a Young Composition Teacher Should Know.* First of all, says Werner, such a teacher should not have a Ph.D. because the psychological effects of a doctor's degree are "tension, introversion, distorted view of life, and probable monocarpism."

★ ★

☞A patrol boat of the Cuban navy took Samuel Eliot Morison through the shallow waters of the Gulf of Batabano to check Columbus's notes about queer colored water. Professor Morison found the same phenomenon, water changing from green to milky-white and then black as ink. ☞One of the oddest literary comments appeared in the N. Y. *Sun* not long ago: "For the moment at least the softly leonine aspect of Thomas Wolfe is blotting out William Dean Howells." ☞A publisher, it would be more prudent not to identify, wrote us that "a lot of our literary greats of the past decade are beginning to slide over the hill and possible replacements are practically non-existent."

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RANDOM HOUSE

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